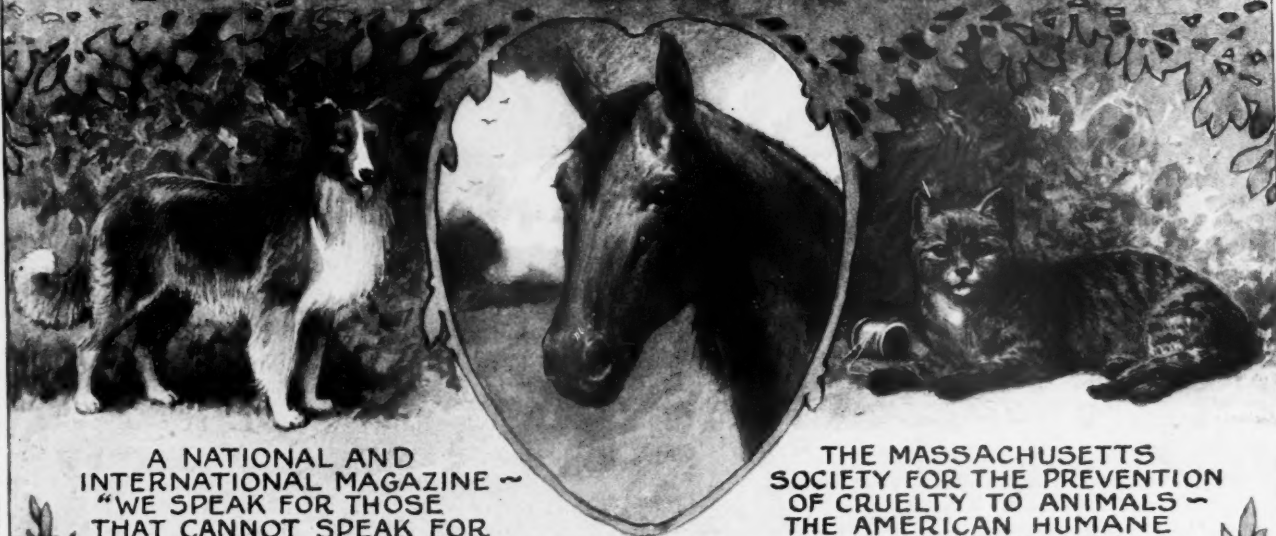


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 44 No. 9

FEBRUARY, 1912

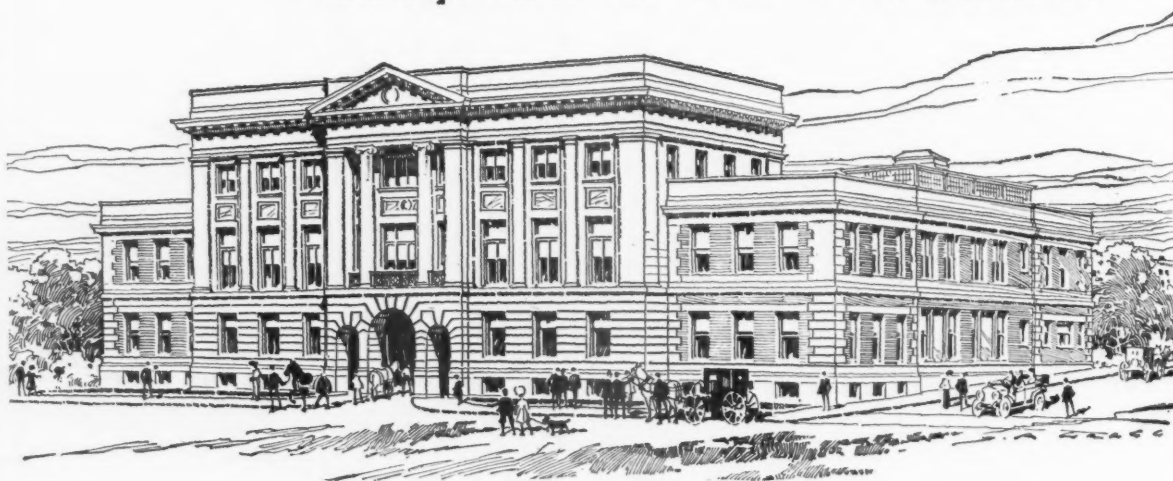
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Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital and Headquarters for Our Two Societies



The Massachusetts Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The Angell Memorial Hospital for Animals marks a forward movement in humane work. It does this while at the same time it is a monument to George Thorndike Angell, and becomes the headquarters for all the activities of our Societies.

The location chosen seems in many respects ideal. The Hospital will stand in the same beautiful section of the city with the Art Museum, the Grand Opera House, the splendid group of Harvard Medical School buildings, the new million dollar home of the Y. M. C. A., and the large number of noble hospitals either already finished or in the course of construction. In five years this will be the greatest hospital center on the face of the globe.

Our land has been bought and paid for from money already contributed for this purpose. We must have \$250,000 more. We shall not build till we see our way clear to dedicate the hospital free of debt. We believe that wherever human hearts beat in sympathy with those principles of "kindness, justice, and mercy to every living creature" to promulgate which Mr. Angell devoted his life, there will be a response to our appeal to erect for him a fitting memorial.

Every state in the Union should help build this memorial. Twenty-nine states and ten different countries are represented in the \$40,000 already contributed.

45 Milk Street, Boston.

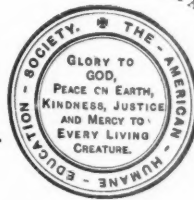
Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 44

Boston, February, 1912

No. 9

Love's Power Over Wild Animals

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "The Story of Scraggles," "Living the Radiant Life," "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian,"
"Through Ramona's Country," Etc., Etc.

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Introductory



WHEN Professor Henry Drummond wrote his "Greatest Thing in the World," he was merely putting into modern form St. Paul's, "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

When I was a youth, living in my native place, —the St. Ogg's of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss,"—I had a class in a Sunday-school. For three years, twice each Sunday, we read and studied, talked over and sought to apply in every possible way, the teaching of St. Paul as embodied in that sublime peroration of his and recorded in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. Naturally we took into consideration all the biblical teachings upon the subject—both of the Old and New Testaments. But nothing in the whole realm of our study made a deeper impression upon my own mind than that Paul's high and ideal conceptions were to be lived by us here and now. Love "beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things" now; love "never faileth" now, and then, when there came in its marvelous power the declaration of St. John that "perfect love casteth out fear" I found I had to remodel my thoughts, recast my habits of life, as it were, to meet the demands of the higher conceptions.

Since then thirty-five years have elapsed. I have been a poor scholar at times. In the sight of men, perhaps, my aim to possess this love has been as hidden as if it were *non est*, yet, in my inmost heart, I have ever kept it in view, ever longed to attain so that I might practically, daily, apply it, and thus live the life.

I am more convinced now than ever of the great power of Love. It surpasses all physical or mental power; it transcends knowledge; it penetrates deeper, reaches further, spreads wider, ascends higher than all things else combined, and is over and above and around them all. It is

stronger than all strength, more potent than all power, more tender than all tenderness, more forceful than all force, more gentle than all gentleness, that is not itself. It breathes in the fragrance of the flower, the tenderness of the mother's kiss, the perfection of the husband's devotion or the wife's love, the hero's self-sacrifice and the patriot's abnegation, for it is the source and origin of them all. It is in the dewdrop, in the snowflake, in the rain-storm, in the nearest planet and the most distant fixed star; it holds in place the Pleiades and sweeps Orion through boundless space at fearful speeds for countless centuries without disturbance, guiding them through paths of meteorites and comets in security and peace. It is man's joy and comfort, his reliance and his power, his inspiration, his strength, his guide and his salvation. Without It he would not be, with It he not only is, but has dominion over all things on the earth, in the waters under the earth, and ere long, will have dominion over the air. With the exercise of physical strength and mental power man seems to dominate the animals and control the actions of wild men, but with Love in actual and active exercise towards them he leads them into willing relationship, into the harmony that produces joyous service. In the one case we have scarce-restrained savagery, wildness ready to burst its bonds at any moment, cruelty merely held in leash; but in the other savagery, wildness, and cruelty disappear, and trust, peace, kindness, and Love reign supreme in their stead.

In the experiences that I shall relate in this series of articles it will be seen that I have been constantly groping towards this larger truth. That unconsciously I have recognized, even though in small measure, the words of Browning:

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are His children, one family here."

Fierce dogs, "outlaw" horses, bears, badgers, wild deer in the forest, lynxes, coyotes, foxes,

lizards, turtles, a chuckawalla, rattlesnakes, a timber-wolf, a lion have been either among my pets or have yielded their fierceness and dangerousness to the power of love. Yet I am no "animal tamer." I would not know how to go about any such processes as the tamers describe. I have merely followed my natural impulses to pour out love upon the animals and reptiles with which I came in contact; sought to soothe some of the hardship out of their lives; endeavored to make them realize that I was reaching out the hand of kinship to them—friendly, helpful kinship—instead of hatred, fear, hostility and murder.

Hence it will naturally follow that these sketches, being personal, will contain much of the ego. I know of no other way to present them, hence the reader will kindly overlook what might otherwise appear as a boasting or bragging note.

Some of these experiences were and are known to thousands of friends and strangers, others to but few, while some were seen by no other than myself.

If this personal record of one imperfect man's experiences in seeking to use Love in his daily life in contact with wild animals helps call forth more Love in the hearts and lives of his readers—then will the full aim of this writing be accomplished.

CHAPTER I.

Ursa Minor and How We Became Friends



IN 1892 I associated myself with Professor T. S. C. Lowe, who was then building the Mount Lowe Railway, near Pasadena, California, which has been and now is one of the great attractions in that State of attractions. Soon after the road began to carry passengers it was suggested that a menagerie of the fauna of the Sierra Madre range—of which Mount Lowe is an important peak—would be both educative and a source of interest to



THE AUTHOR AND ONE OF HIS PETS



JASON BROWN ON THE MT. LOWE TRAIL

travelers. Accordingly steps were taken to collect a number of the native birds and beasts. One of the first animals brought in was a black bear cub, evidently not more than six months old, and from his ugly and vicious actions he was either mean naturally or had been badly treated by his captors. I came to the conclusion later that the latter rather than the former was the case.

At that time Professor Lowe had in his employ Jason Brown, one of the sons of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, and "whose soul is marching on." Jason was a kind-hearted, simple-minded man, trustworthy to a high degree and deservedly held the confidence of his employer. He was accordingly placed in full charge of the bear, and a few other animals that had either been captured, bought or contributed to the "zoo." He fed them, provided their cages and kept them in order.

One day I was much distressed by Jason coming to me with the thumb of his right hand seriously injured. It was badly lacerated and bleeding profusely. While giving him the needed attention I learned that *Ursa Minor* (as we had by common consent called the bear), had savagely seized him while he was giving him his food. Up to this time I had been so occupied that I had paid little or no attention to any of the animals, but now that Jason was temporarily incapacitated for work I undertook to feed them myself. I soon learned that some of the workmen on the mountain made it their daily practice to spend part of their lunch hour playing with or teasing the animals, and that *Ursa* was their

especial butt owing to his readiness to show fight and his resentment at the presence of those who teased him.

It did not take long to have an order issued imperatively forbidding all teasing of the animals under pain of instant dismissal, nor am I ashamed to acknowledge that, acting under a feeling of just resentment against those who exercised their human knowledge and freedom to tease to desperation a poor dumb captive animal, I let it be known that I would aid in his discharge from the mountain with all the force I could put behind a No. 9 shoe, the cowardly wretch discovered at his mean and base enjoyment.

The result of the cessation of his daily teasings upon *Ursa* was almost instantaneous. Daily—three times a day—I fed him, and talked with him, letting him know as well as I knew how that, while he was in captivity (which at that time he resented and in which resentment I frankly joined), he was with those who, in future, would see that he was treated only with gentleness and kindness. Under this regime he thrived wonderfully and soon began to reveal his natural disposition, which was gentle, playful and responsive to the kindness of those who in any way had to do with him.

(To be continued)

THE ACCURSED STEEL TRAP

Most of the skins used for furs are obtained by catching their owners in traps, and death in such cases comes usually at the close of hours, or even days, of the most intense suffering and terror, writes J. Howard Moore.

The principal device used by professional trappers is the steel trap, the most villainous instrument of arrest that was ever invented by the human mind. It is not an uncommon

thing for the savage jaws of this monstrous instrument to bite off the leg of their would-be captive at a single stroke. If the leg is not completely amputated by the snap of the terrible steel, it is likely to be so deeply cut as to encourage the animal to gnaw or twist it off. This latter is the common mode of escape of many animals. Trappers say that on an average one animal out of every five caught has only three legs. A trapper told me recently that he caught a muskrat who *had only one leg*. The poor remnant was caught by the tail.

In order to guard against the escape of the captive by the amputation of its own limb, trappers are advised by their guide-books to use traps with small "pans," so that the limb of the captive coming directly in the center of the trap will be clutched close up to the body. No amount of self-mastication then can free the unfortunate. It is doomed. It may gnaw its fettered foot, and, in the frenzy of its agony, break its teeth on the unyielding steel, but it can never get away.

Of all the accessories gathered from every corner of the earth to garnish human vanity, furs are the most expensive; for in no way does man show such complete indifference to the feelings of his victims as he does in the fur-trade. Fur-bearing animals, many of them, are intelligent enough to require the exercise by man of his highest cunning and perfidy to effect their capture. Yet, in addition to death, they are compelled to undergo sufferings so inhuman as to be utterly unjustified, even though the proceeds of these sacrifices were masses of living gold instead of a skin.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

SHAKESPEARE.

The above is a photograph of Dr. George Wharton James, of Pasadena, California, the author of the series of articles which begins in this issue. The bird that rests upon his head is a canary that he tamed and that learned to love and trust him in a few hours. Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will enjoy this series of animal stories, one of which will appear each month during the year.

The Pending Peace Treaties

By Sydney Richmond Taber

THERE are innumerable evidences that the public conscience of this generation is becoming increasingly opposed to war. Statesmen, publicists, business men and the educated classes generally are more and more impressed by its injustice, economic waste of men and treasure, the enormous losses in trade and finance and the social disturbances involved. But humane people have a special reason for abhorring war and seeking its prevention. Not to mention the mental anguish entailed, the extent and hideousness of physical suffering is beyond computation. The wounds, the shattered bones, the agonies of inflammation, and the torture produced by cold and heat, by starvation and disease and fever, appal the imagination. And, incidentally, it is terrible to contemplate the strain and blows laid upon the beasts of burden and the artillery and cavalry animals, and the long-drawn-out agonies of wounded horses on the field of battle.

The only practicable way thus far devised for abating or preventing the horrors of war is the arbitration of international disputes. The two conferences at The Hague, resulting in the establishment of a judicial tribunal and the settlement by it of a number of disputes that were fraught with the possibilities of war, and the negotiation of many arbitration treaties, have paved the way for the proposal made by President Taft for the submission to arbitration of all disputes hereafter arising between the United States, of the one part, and Great Britain and France, respectively, of the other part. The two treaties embodying this proposal are now pending in the Senate and will be acted upon during the present session. The adoption of these treaties will, it is well understood, be followed by the negotiation of similar conventions between our own government and other nations, and, it is believed, by the ultimate extension of this principle to the relations between all the great nations of the world. If the pending treaties are defeated, the moral effect will be tremendous; it is probably no exaggeration to predict that the guarantee of universal peace thus promised will, by such defeat, be postponed for generations. Never before in the world's history has the head of any nation declared himself in favor of the principle of general arbitration. Our own country is thus confronted by an opportunity that may not occur again within hundreds of years. Civilization has reached the parting of the ways.

In view of this tremendous crisis, does it not behoove every lover of justice and humaneness to do what he can to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished? For every one, no matter how obscure his position, can do something to help on this end. No legislation is ever effected unless the legislators conceive the idea that the measure in question is demanded by public opinion. And one of the most effective ways by which such opinion is expressed is by personal letters, addressed to the legislators by their constituents. So I beg to suggest and to most earnestly recommend to every reader of *Our Dumb Animals* that he write, in his own language, to each of the two Senators from his own state, and especially to the Committee on Foreign Relations (United States Senate, Washington, D. C.), urging the ratification of the pending treaties as submitted by the President,

Sydney Richmond Taber, secretary of the International Humane Association, a director of the American Humane Association, the American Humane Education Society and the Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society, is a prominent Chicago attorney who is actively identified with humane work throughout the United States and Europe.

and that each reader encourage his friends to do likewise. Prompt action is imperative.

These treaties, like every other measure proposed in Congress, have been subjected to criticism. The objections raise a constitutional discussion that is too long and complicated to be entered upon here and now. But let it be remembered that eminent lawyers like the President himself, Secretary Knox, Senator Root, Senator Cullom, Governor Baldwin of Connecticut, and Professor J. B. Moore, who have given their sanction to the treaties, may be trusted to see that neither the rights of the Senate nor the honor of the nation will be endangered.



STRIPED SPERMOPHILE OR GOPHER

By ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

As you ride along the country road you may frequently see the tawny coats of these little fellows, scampering for shelter in their burrows. They are very common throughout most of the western states, where they are found usually in the open fields and prairies.

They live on green vegetable matter, and unlike other small mammals do most of their feeding by daylight. Their nights are spent in warm burrows dug deep into the earth. In winter they curl up and sleep for months at a time, their bodies receiving nourishment from the fat accumulated during the summer. They are often quite tame, and are highly curious, odd sounds and bright colors invariably attracting their attention; hence they are interesting subjects and pleasing ones to photograph.

"For unknown ages," declares a good authority, "gophers have been steadily at work plowing the ground, covering deeper and deeper the vegetable matter, loosening the soil, draining the land, and slowly but surely cultivating and enriching it."

THE AGES OF ANIMALS

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL



UNDoubtedly the longest lived animal on earth is the whale, its span of existence being estimated by Cuvier at 1000 years. The next largest animal, the elephant, will, under favorable conditions, live 400 years. When Alexander the Great conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant that had fought gallantly for the defeated king,

named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, placed upon him a metal band with the inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found, alive, three hundred and fifty years later.

The average age of cats is fifteen years; of squirrels seven or eight years; of rabbits, seven; a bear rarely exceeds twenty years, a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen to sixteen. Lions are comparatively long-lived, instances having been recorded where they reached the age of seventy years. Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty years, and horses to sixty, but the average age of the horse is twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100, and stags are very long-lived, one having been taken by Charles VI. in the forest of Senlis which bore about its neck a collar on which was engraved, "Caesar hoc mihi donavit." Whether or not this stag had actually lived since the days of one of the Caesars, it is impossible to say, but the evidence seems good.

Eagles occasionally, and ravens frequently, reach the age of 100 years, and swans have been known to live 300 years. A tortoise has been known to live 107 years.

Efforts have been made to connect the rapidity of the pulse-beat with longevity, but no logical conclusion can be reached, as will be seen from the fact that the pulse of a lion beats forty times a minute; that of a tiger, ninety-six times; of a horse, forty times; of a wolf, forty-five times; of a fox, forty-three times; of a bear, thirty-three times, and of an eagle, one hundred and sixty times. It has been impossible to count the beats of an elephant's pulse, but that of a butterfly beats sixty times to the minute.

If peace be in the heart,
The wildest winter storm is full of solemn beauty,
The midnight lightning-flash but shows the path of duty,
Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,
The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory,
If peace be in the heart.

C. F. RICHARDSON.



GOPHER ON THE PRAIRIE

Photographing Bats

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, C. M. Z. S.

From *The Photographic Times*

THOSE whose work has principally been devoted to the photography of living animals, have long recognized the fact,—in so far as the mammals of this country are concerned,—that no group of them offers greater difficulties with respect to securing their photographs from life, than the bats. Thousands of good drawings of all kinds of every known form of bat have been published, but there are wonderfully few photographs of them extant of any description—good, bad, or indifferent.

Until I finally learned the trick that conquered him, he was bound to have his way, while, upon the other hand, with all the Dutch patience up in me, I was bound to have mine—spelled with a large M. To handle him with safety to my fingers, I wore a pair of stout gloves, and it was not very long before he realized the fact that all his biting and scratching made not the slightest impression upon me. Moreover, as a time-saver I soon became very proficient in catching him by the wing in the air as he flew about the room. This feat, taken in connection with my

and back, as he was viciously tearing away at my gloved hand, and then gave him a long drink of water, in evidence of my good will, and two or three live, fat butterflies, which I had captured for him e'en before we had entered the lists together.

To secure the back view as shown below, I had to capture and suspend him there over twenty different times. He would hang quietly for a bare second or two, and then, as I would take his outline in on the ground glass with the focusing cloth over my head, I would see him bend his head backwards, cautiously spread out his black wings, and in the next instant would be flitting about the room, searching for some nook to hide in. Their adroitness, eyesight and alertness are truly wonderful. It is remarkable to note, for example, with what alacrity they can scramble about on all fours,—that is, by means of their wings and tiny hind feet, on any kind of surface, from that of a perfectly smooth plane to the roughest kind of a horizontal limb. In this performance they nearly rival a mouse. Then a bat will sneeze almost exactly like a person; scratch himself all over with either foot; fly about any room, wherein all sorts of delicate bric-a-brac may be on mantels and shelves, in the most rapid and eccentric manner and never upset anything. As to capturing all kinds of insects on the wing, they are past masters,—their almost microscopic eyes being as keen as those of any animal in existence. Another trick they have on the wing is to fly with great swiftness and catch some big beetle in the hollow they can make in front with the membrane stretching between the legs, and then, in a twinkling, reach forward and seize the prey with their teeth. June bugs are thus frequently captured for food by them. The positions they assume, when at rest either in trees or elsewhere, are well shown in the accompanying cuts.

The greatest difficulty one has to meet in the photography of these interesting little animals, is their extreme restlessness, and their determination to select their own poses and places which are rarely in agreement with the notions of the photographer. The specimen here shown in the figures was certainly the most restless, nervous bat, with which I had ever had the pleasure of making an acquaintance.



CAUGHT NAPPING

Being a volant animal, as well as a nocturnal one by habit, has largely militated against the possibility of securing photographs of them during flight. In the daytime some may suspend themselves from the twigs of big trees far up in the foliage, but for the most part they hide away, either singly or in enormous numbers, in all sorts of dark, out of the way cavities, ranging from a hollow in a tree to the caves, both great and small, found all over the world where bats occur in nature.

During summer evenings, bats, attracted by the lights in our houses or other buildings, frequently fly into rooms or elsewhere through open windows and doors, and, by those who know how to go about it, are often captured. When thus taken into captivity, they offer us much of interest in the way of study.

Bats of several species were rather more than plentiful in and about Washington, D. C., during the summer of 1911. After dark they flitted up and down the shady streets or darted here and there in giddy curves around the dazzling arc-lights on the corners and elsewhere. After securing an excellent specimen that had entered my room during the night only to find that it had in a most mysterious way disappeared before morning I was finally rewarded by seeing one of these comical rat-like creatures, fast asleep, suspended, head downwards, on a curtain in the room. Upon my gently dislodging him he flew about, and, the room not being very light, with the evident intention of seeking a place to escape.

Once when on the floor, to my utter surprise, he scrambled up and down by the lower crack of the door, ever and anon making an evident attempt to work his way out through the opening. I have made indoor photographs of a great many kinds of living forms; but this nervous little bat had more in store for me than the farthest reaches of my imagination had ever contemplated,

ignoring his sole means of either offense or defense, I am sure very largely contributed to my success, whatever effect it may have had, and probably did have, upon the mind of my captive. This was, at the psychological moment, followed by the application of that treatment—always magical in its effects, which resulted, on this little animal's part, in almost complete submissiveness. I stroked him gently on the head



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE



"REX," A BEAUTIFUL WHITE ESKIMO
Owned by J. M. EATON, Fulton, Ill.

ALASKAN DOGS

The keen, clever Eskimos, always active, wide-awake to every emergency, are used in the dog trains of Central Alaska and the Valley of the Mackenzie. They look very much like their cousin, the Arctic wolf, and have all the latter's sagacity, sharpened and trained by their contact with men. They are the true Arabian steeds of the snowy wastes. Their omnivorous appetite is incredible, their taste including everything from a moccasin or strip of dog harness to a side of pork or a fish fresh from the water.

JUST OUR DOG

He was just a dog, mister—that's all;
And all of us boys called him Bub;
He was curly and not very tall
And he hadn't a tail—just a stub.
His tail froze one cold night, you see;
We just pulled the rest of him through.
No—he didn't have much pedigree—
Perhaps that was frozen off, too.

He always seemed quite well behaved,
And he never had many bad fights;
In summer he used to be shaved
And he slept in the woodshed o' nights.
Sometimes he would wake up too soon
And cry, if his tail got a chill;
Some nights he would bark at the moon,
But some nights he would sleep very still.

He knew how to play hide-and-seek
And he always would come when you'd call;
He would play dead, roll over and speak,
And learned it in no time at all.
Sometimes he would growl, just in play,
But he never would bite, and his worst
Was to bark at the postman one day,
But the postman he barked at him first.

He used to chase cats up a tree,
But that was just only in fun;
And a cat was as safe as could be—
Unless it should start out to run;
Sometimes he'd chase children and throw
Them down, just while running along,
And then lick their faces to show
He didn't mean anything wrong.

He was chasing an automobile
When the wheel hit him right in the side,
So he just gave a queer little squeal
And curled up and stretched out and died.
His tail it was not very long,
He was curly and not very tall;
But he never did anything wrong—
He was just our dog, mister—that's all.

—Atlanta Journal.

Coleman's Collie; the Tale of a Dog

By M. S. Rockwell

IT was one of the first warm-like days of early spring, and the farmers from the surrounding country had come into town upon various errands touching the near approach of seed-time. They were a hardy, contented looking lot, hurrying up and down the single street of business houses in the village, each carrying his own particular purchase—one a plowshare, another a pair of rubber boots, while still others carried bundles and packages of goods for use in the household.

Among this crowd of jolly, jostling men, was John Harbour, the youngest farmer in the county—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow—strolling aimlessly about with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his light, sadly-faded overcoat. He had not come to town for the purpose of trading, but had been summoned to appear in court. His farm, one of the most remote in the settlement, adjoined a quarter section of hay-land belonging to a certain Mr. Hardcastle, a wealthy landowner having the reputation of being an exceedingly hard man, and unpleasant neighbor.

A short time before the opening of this story, John had been burning off his hay-land. He lost control of the fire and it had gotten onto Hardcastle's land and burned up one of his hay-ricks. John had offered to pay for the hay, but Hardcastle recalled a certain thrashing the young farmer had given him at a heated political meeting, and seized upon this violation of the prairie-fire law, as a means of evening up with him. This meant ruin, for the court, in its zeal to punish carelessness in handling such fires, would undoubtedly impose a heavy fine, and Hardcastle knew that in order to pay it, John would have to sell his seed wheat. That would render impossible a crop next year, and hence, no money with which to meet the fall payments on his machinery; and following this would be the sheriff and the ultimate loss of his farm.

These thoughts, and the thought of a pretty, patient little woman, for whom he was struggling hard to make a home, were what occupied the young man's mind, as he walked here and there, aimlessly, about the town.

"Twelve ten," he muttered, as he paused in front of the Bascomb House, and looked at his watch, "very nearly two hours to wait yet."

Everybody was at dinner and the streets were almost deserted, except that the bench in front of the hotel bore its usual unkempt-looking line of town loafers. They smoked, gossiped, and expectorated great quantities of tobacco juice on the sidewalk. Nothing seemed to escape their notice, and no subject was too trifling for discussion.

"I see Chambers has been getting a new set of harness," said one.

"Yes," answered another loafer, "and less than a week ago he bought that cart. Seems to me the old man is going it pretty steep on the strength of next fall's crop."

Harbour listened in an abstracted way to their chattering, and watched a dog that came trotting down the middle of the road. The animal was a beautiful Scotch collie, and bore himself with a grace and dignity peculiar to that breed. Several small curs ran out, barking and snapping at him, but he paid no attention to them, other than to raise his ears, as a token of surprise or disdain. He was evidently a stranger to the town. Every little while he would pause, raise one forefoot and point his shapely nose upward, as if trying to catch a scent. There was something pathetic in his intelligent brown

eyes, as he drew near to sniff at each of the loafers in turn.

"Mighty fine looking dog that," remarked one of them.

"Yes; kind of conceited like, though," ventured another. "Wouldn't wonder if he'd put up quite a scrap."

"We'll soon see," said the red-faced keeper of the hotel, and, without rising from his seat at the end of the bench, he reached around and shoved open the bar-room door. "Here, Bill," he called, "here's something good to eat. Come out and try a leg!"

"Are you going to let your bull at him, Jim?" gasped one of the gang.

"Why not? What right has a tramp dog got sniffing around these premises?" growled the landlord.

Something in the loneliness of the poor dog had touched a dozen sympathetic chords in Harbour's nature, and he stepped out from the tree, against which he had been leaning, in a very suggestive manner. Just at that moment a voice seemed to say to him: "You're a fool, John; it was just such a whim as this that got you into trouble with Hardcastle—keep out of it," and the farmer resumed his place by the tree.

But his heart was full of pity, as he saw the innocent animal about to be sacrificed to amuse a mob of heartless loafers, who could be heard chuckling with joyous anticipation, as a big, surly, evil-eyed beast walked slowly out of the door. The dog's well-kept body was of a brindle color, and the brass collar about his neck was almost hidden by folds of fat. Flaps of skin hung from his square jaws, and his black lips, parted in a perpetual grin, revealed his terrible teeth.

The collie seemed to regard the new arrival with lively curiosity. He had evidently never seen a bulldog before, and was ignorant of his dangerous character. He arched his neck, raised his ears, wagged his tail and advanced to touch noses and get acquainted.

Without making a sound, or betraying the slightest sign of anger, the bulldog darted straight at the throat of the unoffending stranger. Snap! went his powerful jaws, not an inch from the graceful throat of the collie. That foolish dog—to the great astonishment of the spectators, after such an unmistakable demonstration on the part of his enemy—made no attempt to escape. Instead, he made another friendly overture; but this was received in no more kindly fashion than the first. Then there was a change. The peaceful, inquiring creature of a moment before, was suddenly transformed into an animal lithe as a panther, bristling with rage, and alert for battle.

The landlord laughed loudly and clapped his hands on his knees. "Sic him, Bill!" he roared, "sic him! Eat him up!"

A crowd soon began to gather to see what was going on. Once more Harbour walked out from the tree; wise, or otherwise, he was determined to champion the masterless dog in his unequal combat, and moved about as if his long legs were set on springs.

The dog whose ancestors had roamed the heather-clad hills of old Scotland, soon proved that he possessed the keen brain of his kind. He evaded every charge of his heavier adversary, and, leaping lightly to the rear, bit him mercilessly on hip and leg. The bulldog became furious; the foam dripped from his savage jaws. Time and again he rushed upon his seemingly

helpless foe, only to be misled and badly bitten before he could recover himself. His strenuous exertions, however, were beginning to tell upon the supple collie; his leap became less agile, while the tenacious bulldog, though lame and panting for breath, appeared to grow more savage each moment.

"Grab that cowardly whelp! Just let Bill have one grip on him," bawled the puffing landlord.

One of his louts made a move to obey his order, but returned to his place with considerable haste and Harbour's No. 9 shoe in close proximity to his coat tails. Presently the bulldog made a rush and almost caught the collie in a deadly grip. His glistening teeth grazed the muzzle of his evasive enemy. The latter, by the stinging scratch, seized his heavy antagonist by the hind leg, and, with a quick side pull, rolled him on his broad back. For a few moments there was a confused mass of struggling, snarling animals; then the collie leaped to his feet, and the bulldog rose slowly, with a long red gash in his side, and one hind leg hanging limp and broken. Seeing this, the landlord caught up a heavy piece of scantling and rushed toward the victorious collie. But he came to a sudden stop.

"Oh, no you don't, my friend!" said Harbour. "You and your dog started this trouble. Now you and your dog will take what's coming to you. The man who lays a finger on that dog, to hurt him, will feel the weight of these—" brandishing a pair of gigantic fists.

No one moved or spoke, and the collie, who at that moment must have caught some trace of his master, trotted off, with the same innocent, undaunted air that had characterized his coming. The hotel keeper seized his beaten, whimpering dog by the collar and pulled him inside; the crowd of people standing about, jeering him as he did so.

Harbour once more found himself alone, and his heart sank as he turned toward the old implement-shed that served as a town hall. His trouble, after the brief excitement through which he had just passed, seemed weightier than ever, and his spirit sank lower, and lower, as he strolled along. A light pressure on his arm caused him to turn quickly about, and there stood the thin, keen-featured man, Hardcastle.

"Well?" questioned the young farmer, gruffly.

"I—I—guess, John," began Mr. Hardcastle, with a slight nervous halt, "I guess we'll call that fire business off. I've just been down and withdrawn the charge. You needn't bother about the matter of the hay, either—hay is cheap this spring; and, anyhow, I've lots left. More than that, my teams will be through with the seeding early, and if you are needing any help, come to me. I want to bury the hatchet, and here's my hand on it."

John stared in speechless astonishment, reaching out his hand mechanically, as he did so. "I—I—I—. Why? What for?" he managed to stammer at last.

Mr. Hardcastle halted astride the side of his wagon box into which he was climbing. "Look," he said, and there were unmistakable signs of moisture in his little, hard gray eyes, as he pointed to the spring seat, where, coiled comfortably upon his master's overcoat, holding in his teeth the reins of the restless team, lay the intelligent collie of the recent fight with the bulldog.

"He was my son Coleman's dog, and was with him when we found him dead in the snow last December, out on the open prairie."

Teach the child to feed and water the hungry dog and to find a home for the stray cat, and you will create in him a desire to be kind, merciful and compassionate.



THIS DOG FOUND HIS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL.

BRAVE "BERRY"

BERRY is the night watch-dog at the Electra Company's plant in Cleveland, Ohio. He succeeded the human watchman some time ago when the latter proved unreliable and was discharged. Berry is a big, powerful animal, part Newfoundland and the rest St. Bernard. He tips the scales at 170 pounds and is always on the job. He is also on the pay-roll of the company at seventy cents a week, the cost of his food.

Berry was recently the hero of a night encounter with two desperate safe robbers who had gained entrance to the office by sawing the lock. When the door was burst open the brave dog gave instant battle to the burglars who, armed with pieces of lead pipe, rained blow after blow upon him.

With howls of mingled pain and determination Berry fought the human thieves until they retreated into the darkness. In the desperate struggle Berry had acquitted himself nobly and, though frightfully injured, upheld the reputation of his kind for fearlessness and reliability. In the morning he was found lying beside the safe, whose contents of several hundred dollars had not been touched, but only with enough of life to give a feeble wag of welcome to his superintendent.

Berry was taken to a hospital where for two weeks it was uncertain whether he would live or die. He finally recovered and has now returned to work.

ANOTHER HERO DOG

Toots, a fox terrier, once saved a passenger train on the Lackawanna Railroad from being wrecked near Bloomfield, N. J.

The crossing-tender, in addition to raising and lowering the gates, was required to attend to the switch, there being only a single track from Bloomfield to Montclair. On the day in question a westbound train was approaching and the gateman dropped his red flag and ran to throw a switch. At the same time an eastbound passenger train was rounding the curve and coming down grade towards the crossing.

Toots, who had spent much time around the flag shanty and who was familiar with the duties, seized the flag in his teeth and ran up the track. The engineer saw the danger signal and stopped his train just in time to prevent a collision.

Toots died recently at the advanced age of fifteen and was buried with honors.

The little kindnesses we are likely to undervalue are counted large in heaven.

THE MORGAN HORSE

AT the head of the Morgan breed of horses in Vermont stands Ethan Allen 3d whose picture, taken several years ago, is shown upon this page. This horse is now twenty-six years old and is owned by E. H. Hoffman of Lyndonville, Vermont. Although he now shows the inevitable marks of age, Ethan Allen 3d is still regarded very highly as a typical Morgan of the old school. Those superb qualities which included beauty of form, docility of temper, courage and endurance, which characterized the pure Morgan type of half a century ago and brought wealth and fame to the Vermont horse breeder, are yet retained in large measure by this distinguished survivor. At the Vermont State Fair last fall, in the class of Morgan stallions with three of their 1911 foals, when there were six entries, a first prize was awarded to Ethan Allen 3d.

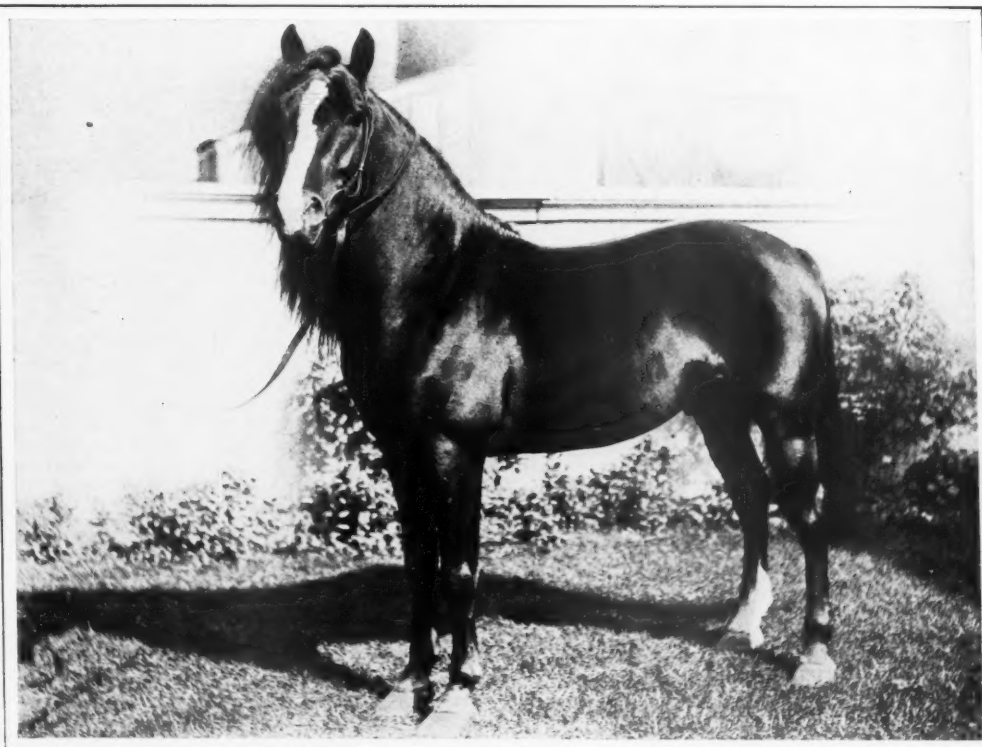
The "Morgan type" of which this horse was a splendid specimen, was founded about a hundred years ago, and although the facts of its origin have often been in dispute and are now somewhat uncertain, it is generally admitted that in quality and stamina the earlier Morgans were the best breed of horses that America has produced. Upon the track, under saddle, in heavy harness, Morgan blood has time and again demonstrated its superiority.

It is a strange fact that this excellent type was allowed to deteriorate and to become almost extinct through carelessness and inattention, but such has been the case. At the present time, however, interest in the Morgan is reviving. The United States government is making efforts to restore the Morgan for army purposes and has established a breeding farm in Middlebury, Vermont.

The Morgan Horse Club has also been formed to rehabilitate this horse to its former prestige and, whether the object be for sentimental, patriotic or utilitarian reasons, it is to be hoped that the effort will be successful.

Mr. H. S. Wardner, the president of this club, attributes the disappearance of the Morgan horse directly to poor breeding by the Vermont farmer, and says:

"The loss to Vermont in her great business of raising horses is as singular as it is serious. It finds no parallel in the loss of her business in the growing of wheat and other crops. The opening up of the West largely took away, by affording better natural advantages, the grain raising of the New England States. In the matter of horses, in which Vermont was most distinguished through the Morgan horses raised on her hills, the causes were quite different. With the best stock in the world for general utility purposes, the farmers of Vermont and the other states tried to breed Morgan horses larger and faster than the small, normal Morgan horse. They sold their best and kept the poorest for breeding. I doubt if one can point to another case where the people of a state ever threw away so blindly one of its great assets as did the people of Vermont when they let the Morgan breed become almost extinct. To help Vermont regain her lost prestige is worth the best endeavor of Vermont men who wish to be public-spirited."



ETHAN ALLEN 3d, A TYPICAL MORGAN

GRANT'S LOVE OF HORSES

In his book of memoirs entitled "Campaigning with Grant," Gen. Horace Porter quotes these words as having been uttered by Grant at a dinner-table, after he had punished a brutal teamster for abusing his horse:

"If people only knew how much more they could get out of a horse by gentleness than by harshness, they would save a great deal of trouble both to the horse and the man. A horse is a particularly intelligent animal; he can be made to do almost anything if his master has intelligence enough to let him know what is required. Some men, for instance, when they want to lead a horse forward, turn towards him and stare him in the face. He, of course, thinks they are barring his way, and he stands still. If they would turn their back to him and move on he would naturally follow. I am looking forward longingly to the time when we can end this war, and I can settle down on my St. Louis farm and raise horses. When old age comes on and I get too feeble to move about, I expect to derive my chief pleasure from sitting in a big arm-chair in the center of the ring—a sort of training course—holding a colt's leading-line in my hand, watching him run around the ring."

FOR DRIVERS TO REMEMBER

Provide your horse with a large, warm blanket for such times as he is standing still and exposed to the cold.

Don't neglect the shoeing. It is vital on a slippery pavement.

Don't ever use the whip simply because you have it. It is a very poor driver who makes a blow the starting signal.

Give the horse an occasional full day's rest. It will add to his value and capacity for work.

Always be kind to your horse. It pays.

If you are a good driver, your horse will show it.

ONLY A HORSE

Only a horse that lies dead in the street,
Prone on the pave, 'mid the hurrying feet:
Only a horse! that, through sunshine and rain,
Toiled for his master, and did not complain!

Cart him away! he has pulled his last load
Over the hills, through the long winding road;
Wearied and bruised, sore and crippled and sprained,—
Worked to his death, but he never complained.

Rough is his coat, with each rib showing through;
Scant though his food, he was faithful and true!
Beaten, abused, bearing burdens of pain—
Only a horse and he could not complain!

Cart him away! his labors are o'er;
Heavy for him were the burdens he bore.
Cover him up, for his end is attained,—
Dying in harness, he never complained!

Who shall dare say,—such as these have no soul,—
Nothing before them, no far away goal;
No need for toil, and no balm for their pain.
Though they are silent, and never complain!

There *must* be surcease, and freedom from care,
"Rest for the weary," forever, somewhere;
Some glad unwinding of earth's tangled skein;
Where Justice triumphs, and none need complain!

F. WALTER OSBORNE.

WHERE HORSES ARE BLANKETED

Blanket your horse in cold weather! If a man allows his horse to stand in the street on a cold day in Kansas, without being properly blanketed, any officer can take the horse to the nearest livery stable and have it taken care of at the expense of the owner. Should the owner refuse to pay, he may be taken before the court and fined \$250, and, if necessary, imprisoned in the city jail. Such an ordinance is in force in almost every city in the state and the horses are thereby legally protected from one of the commonest forms of cruelty.

"That is how we treat cruel people in Kansas," comments the secretary to the Governor of that state, in his reply to a question about the matter.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1898

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, February, 1912

FOR TERMS see last page, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

BACK NUMBERS of this paper for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale at greatly reduced prices.

EDITORS of all the newspapers who receive this paper this month are invited to copy any of the articles, except when copyrighted, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

OUR FOOD ANIMALS

The government report just issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture for the last fiscal year states that the federal inspectors of meat inspected during that time 53,002,304 animals before slaughter and 52,976,948 after slaughter. Of these there were condemned for disease or other unwholesome conditions 117,383 entire carcasses and 1,009,672 parts of carcasses. This inspection covered 936 establishments in 255 cities.

Tuberculosis was the cause of by far the greater part of these condemnations,—nearly 47 per cent. of condemnations of adult cattle and 96 per cent. of condemnations of hogs being due to this disease.

Federal inspection applies only to meats and meat food products at establishments that do an interstate or export business. The provisions of the U. S. meat inspection law do not apply to animals slaughtered by farmers on the farm, or to retail butchers or dealers.

When one realizes that in thousands of cases even in New England as well as elsewhere there is no inspection at all, not even local inspection, and also that in the majority of cases the local inspection is the saddest farce, he can understand the advice of the Secretary of Agriculture that consumers look for the government label on all meats and meat food products that they buy. In the light of the percentage of condemnations given above, where federal inspection prevails, one cannot help wondering how many of the cattle and swine killed and sold by local butchers are slowly dying from tuberculosis at the time of slaughter. In the matter of meat inspection, outside of what is done by the government, as a country we are still in the dark ages. The price we pay for this indifference to a vital question is unquestionably disease and death for multitudes.

F.H.R.

A MISAPPREHENSION

Constantly we are told that the horse is a vanishing factor in modern life. He is going, going,—soon will be gone. Here are the facts: In 1900 there were 21,203,901 horses in the United States. By the census report of 1910 there were 22,813,850, a gain of 1,609,949. In 1900 there were 3,438,523 mules in the United States. In 1910 there were 4,453,943, a gain of 1,015,420. The total value of the horses, mules and colts reaches the sum of \$2,598,699,908, leaving only \$2,296,248,874 as the total value of all other live-stock, including cattle, sheep, swine, asses, burros, goats, poultry and bees. While cattle increased in total value during the decade less than one per cent., horses and colts increased in total value 132 per cent., and mules and colts 166 per cent. We think the humane societies would better not go out of business right away.

F.H.R.

WHEN SHALL WE ABOLISH IT?

This letter tells its own story. It is one of many that might be written from any part of the state. We shall keep calling attention to the torture of the steel trap till enough people are aroused to help us secure a law abolishing its use from the commonwealth:

Concord, Mass.

"In our immediate neighborhood at least five cats have been caught in steel traps, set by boys and men for muskrats, rabbits, woodchucks or foxes. One cat remained in a trap in the woods some distance from its home for over a week—through extreme cold weather, wind and rain. Another cat was caught and held by its hind leg for four days and nights. Our own cat was caught and held in a trap for two days and nights, the coldest days of the season. The paw, from above the first joint, or wrist, where it was held by the trap, to the end of the toes was frozen. When the cat arrived home she seemed almost crazed with suffering. The leg was badly cut on two sides by the heavy fox-trap, and the poor frozen paw was puffy and heavy to drag along. She suffered a great deal from the paw and the poor cut leg, and would often cry out with pain. We put her to sleep with chloroform.

"Can anything be done to relieve or stop such suffering as this? The length of time that these cats remained caught in the traps is conclusive evidence that the boys and men who set the traps do not visit them regularly or often. I myself found a trap (chain and trap old and rusty) set in a woodchuck hole. Had the animal been caught and dead from starvation and exposure to the weather, the boy who set the trap would not have known it."

The following story comes to us from the western part of the state adding its pathetic indictment of the steel trap:

Three Williamstown men, who were chopping near the Vermont line Saturday, met with an experience which they will remember for some time to come. While working at their occupation they heard the pitiful howling of a hound. After nearly two hours' searching they finally found the dog caught in a bear trap.

The dog must have been in the trap for at least two days, as it was in a very pitiable condition. Upon investigation it was found the dog's leg had been broken, and a track in the light snow showed the dog had dragged the trap for some distance. The leg of the dog was frozen also.

F.H.R.

CARPET SHOES FOR HORSES

The idea came to us from the Minneapolis Humane Society. The sole of the shoe is a heavy piece of any of the cheaper grades of Brussels carpet cut in the shape of the bottom of a horse's hoof. Around the circular part of this is sewed a strong piece of cloth, five inches wide including a broad hem. Through this hem a tape is inserted long enough to make it possible to tie about the ankle when the shoe has been slipped over the foot. The purpose of the shoe is to help a horse that has fallen on an icy or slippery pavement get to his feet and a short distance, perhaps, to some place where he can secure a footing. A pair of these, or sometimes a set of them, answer much better than a blanket put under his feet. They are easily made, and cost twenty-five cents for four.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has had sets of them placed at a number of stores in Boston where, because of the pavement, many horses fall. Notices were inserted in the papers calling attention of teamsters and others to the places where they could be found.

F.H.R.

THE EFFECTS OF FRIGHT

Under the heading, "Deterioration of Meat by the Fright of the Animals," the *Journal* of the American Medical Association publishes the following, taken from the French medical periodical mentioned below:

The unfavorable conditions under which beef cattle are slaughtered in France and the ill effects which may be caused by the meat of animals killed when in a depressed nervous state are the theme of a communication to the *Presse Medicale* (July 12, 1911) by Bonnette. He refers to his experience when as a sanitary inspector of meat for the army he had occasion to examine the animals both before and after slaughter. Cattle may be divided into two classes: first, those that are generally quite fat, but non-excitible, although their appetite may fail in the conditions in which they are placed while waiting to be killed, and second, those that are less fat, indicate a sensitiveness to their abnormal surroundings, listen to every sound and are affected by the smell of blood. Their appetite fails and they lose flesh during their stay in the pens. Some seem possessed with a genuine fear of death. The two classes behave quite differently when driven to slaughter. The first are apathetic and go willingly or with little urging to their place; the others attempt to escape, tremble, defecate and resist until they are forced to receive the fatal blow. Bonnette thinks such agitation has an ill effect on the processes occurring in the tissues both before and after death. He suggests that the pens in which animals intended for slaughter are confined be removed to a distance sufficient to avoid disquieting sounds and smells, that these pens be connected with runways that will allow the animals a desirable amount of liberty, and that when the time for slaughter has come they be conveyed to the place of death in cars that will prevent exciting and fatiguing driving.

F.H.R.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I desire to congratulate you most heartily upon the beauty of the cover design of your excellent publication. The illustrations of the horse, the dog and the cat, are such as to satisfy the most critical.

You have also done a very wise thing in inserting advertisements in *Our Dumb Animals*. With your circulation of over 60,000 copies per month I predict that you will have to put two covers on the paper before another year has expired, such will be the demand for advertising space when it becomes generally known that you are taking advertisements.

If every reader of the paper would send in just one new subscriber you would have 300,000 readers before the close of 1912, and I earnestly suggest to the friends of animals that be done.

I desire to commend the work of Dr. Rowley in bringing up the matter of the abolition of the private slaughter-house, and the cruel steel-toothed animal trap, and I sincerely hope that both these causes of outrageous cruelty may be abolished from every state and territory of the United States. Let it be made a crime to manufacture or sell the steel trap and this heinous cruelty of torturing wild animals would cease. The way to bring about such a state of affairs is to keep on agitating the matter through *Our Dumb Animals*.

GEORGE FOSTER HOWELL,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THANK YOU, MR. EDITOR

We wish there were space to republish some of the many favorable comments that have appeared in the press throughout the entire country regarding the improved appearance of *Our Dumb Animals*. Hundreds of newspapers have taken this occasion to commend the work we are trying to do. We sincerely appreciate this cordial cooperation of the press and wish each individual editor a most prosperous year.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;

HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;

EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance, etc.) Fort Hill 2640

Our two Societies receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation, binding themselves to pay to the donors, so long as they shall live, a reasonable rate of interest upon the same, or an annuity for a sum agreed upon. The rate of interest will depend upon the age of the donor.

Our carefully invested funds, and the large financial experience of those to whom are entrusted the care and management of them, make an investment like this as good, practically, as a government bond.

Many who have but a few thousand will be able by this arrangement to obtain a much better rate of interest than in any other way, and with absolute safety guaranteed.

No legal contest, or attempt to break a will is possible with reference to money so given.

The President of the Societies solicits correspondence, asking for further details.

REPORT OF THE MONTH

Animals examined	5391
Number of prosecutions	16
Number of convictions	14
Horses taken from work	136
Horses humanely killed	125

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$3750 from Mrs. Mary L. Peabody of Waltham, and, for the Angell Memorial Building, \$500 from Miss Florence E. Wilder of Cambridge. It has received gifts of \$200 from Mrs. Ezra R. Thayer, \$40 from James F. Morse and \$25 from Miss Clara C. Pierce; and, for the Angell Memorial Building, \$400 from Mrs. Ernestine M. Kettle, \$200 from Mrs. Geo. T. Angell, \$100 from O. H. Davenport, \$25 from Miss Cora E. Crompton, \$25 from Mrs. Adelia A. Cole, and \$25 from Miss Annie Belle Coolidge, "in memory of my horse, Ruby." It has been left a bequest of \$1000 by Mrs. Martha Barrett of Malden; a bequest of \$1000 by George W. Boren, in memory of two dogs; and a bequest of \$500 by John H. Champney of Jamaica Plain.

The American Humane Education Society has received for the Angell Memorial Building \$50, "in loving memory of my little Tramp," and \$25 from "Humanity." It has also been left a bequest of \$500 by John H. Champney of Jamaica Plain.

Boston, January 17, 1912.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

THE HOSPITAL

Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will expect from now on each month, until the Angell Memorial Hospital is built, something with reference to the progress we are making. The land is bought and paid for. Plans are now being perfected for a thorough and wide canvass among the friends of the Societies in this and other states to raise the \$250,000 we must have. Many have kindly sent in contributions without solicitation, simply seeing the plea in *Our Dumb Animals*. One says, "I will take one hundred of the 250,000 blocks of stock in the new hospital." Another takes twenty-five; another five hundred; another takes one. Each gift stands for a friend and helper.

We are hoping that there will be some who will be able to give in large amounts. We want thousands who will be glad to make such small contributions as their circumstances permit. One letter that brought but twenty-five cents told of a devotion to our cause and an honor for Mr. Angell's memory that could not have been exceeded if the letter had contained a check for the entire cost of the building. If each reader of the paper would but constitute himself or herself a committee of one to ask, as opportunity arises, for a contribution for the hospital, it would greatly aid us. We shall hope to be able to publish encouraging monthly reports. Our total up to January 15 was \$42,728.30.

F.H.R.

YOU DID IT

Location—within ten miles of the State House in Boston. Scene—a more or less dilapidated farm. Thermometer at zero. In an old barn with doors open and frozen into the mud, while the wind and snow blow in upon them, not only through these open doors but through many an aperture in the barn itself, are eight cows nearly starved to death, emaciated, weak, and the evidence abundant that no care had been taken to keep their stalls clean for months. Close at hand a sty, two stunted young pigs exposed to the bitter weather, also starving. Not far away a chicken house where twenty hens are huddled together, the cruel storm beating upon them. Everything in the way of food found on the premises—a mere handful of hay, not sufficient for one meal for one of the cows. These were the conditions when our agent arrived.

In a short time three bales of hay, one hundred pounds of shorts, twenty-five pounds of cracked corn were in the stable; the two young pigs caught and warmly housed; the owner made to catch the twenty hens and, with the assistance of the agent, they too are transferred to a place made comfortable by the nailing on of empty sacks and boards; the old barn where the cattle are, closed up, sacks nailed over broken windows, and all thirty animals made comfortable for the night, and the man responsible for the condition in which we found them, under arrest.

This is a specimen of what the Society is doing in a multitude of cases that never are reported. Now who did it? You, blessed contributor to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We at headquarters are only hands and feet for you. That those suffering creatures have been delivered from a brutal master and guaranteed from further distress is due to those gracious friends who make our work possible. If you who read this are one of them, comfort your heart with the consciousness that on that wild and stormy afternoon you were a minister of mercy through us to this group of God's defenseless creatures.

F.H.R.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

It will interest humane workers to know that through the publicity department of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., for four months ending January 1, specially prepared articles were published in newspapers throughout the state whose combined circulation aggregated 2,456,969. Public attention has been called to the principles for which the Society stands; its urgent needs, and the great and growing work it is carrying on.

In addition to the 1056 full column articles sent out by the Press Associations to Massachusetts papers, these same papers and many others have gladly accepted and published much matter relating to local conditions investigated and written up for them by the Society's publicity agent.

To the editors whose generous and hearty help has made this press publicity possible, the thanks of all humane workers are due. Could the dumb animals speak, from many of them the editors would receive, besides, a gracious benediction.

An attractive, pictorial, three-column article, telling about the new Angell Memorial Hospital has already been accepted by about two hundred newspapers in New England, to be printed gratuitously by them. One newspaper association has guaranteed to insert it in a chain of 12,000 different newspapers throughout the country.

A new feature of humane publicity is the translation into various foreign languages of the Society's educational literature for distribution in the foreign settlements of the various towns and cities, and for publication in the French, Italian and Yiddish newspapers of the state.

The foreign element in many Massachusetts cities and towns is very large, often constituting one-half to two-thirds of the population. The newspapers and other publications which reach these classes have also given the Society's work and needs generous mention. Each nationality has its peculiarities in regard to the treatment of dumb animals, and it is evident that humane education is sorely needed everywhere. To carry on this work of humane education among these different classes is one of the purposes of our Society. Here is a field where missionary effort is needed. Will not some one help us toward a special fund to carry forward this publicity work where it will do so much good?

ED. H. PACKARD.

A THOUGHTFUL SHIPPER

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

While waiting for the train at Greenfield last Thursday, my attention was called to a method of shipping a young calf from a town in Vermont across the country to the State of Washington. The most noticeable thing was the pains taken by the shipper for the comfort and welfare of the animal.

This young calf was nicely crated, plenty of room to lie down, and on the side of the crate was a large sign, with the following:

"This little fellow is going on a long journey. Treat him as you would like to be treated yourself. Remember he cannot go into a near-by restaurant for a warm meal. Feed him according to directions."

The above was printed on a large card, and beside this was another card with full directions how to feed and water.

The care taken by the shipper for the welfare and comfort of this little fellow was commented on by the number of people at the depot.

ROBERT L. DYSON,

Worcester, Mass.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

ANIMALS IN RUSSIA

At the close of a personal letter from our distinguished fellow-townsmen, the Hon. Curtis Guild, the American Minister to St. Petersburg, he writes: "I think you will be glad to know that our friend the bear, in distinction from the wolf, is regarded as a sort of pet here in Russia and treated accordingly. The horses are in every case deprived of blinkers, giving their amiable faces full opportunity to gaze upon the passing scene. In fact animals are generally treated here with more kindness than in any country I have ever visited." F.H.R.

IN THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

A letter to us from Cardinal O'Connell just before he left for Rome has given a welcome into the parochial schools of Boston to Mr. Leach, our state organizer of Bands of Mercy. Many of the schools have been already visited and the heartiest cooperation extended Mr. Leach by those in authority. We have greatly appreciated this opportunity granted us to reach thousands of boys and girls and quicken their interest in the principles of kindness, mercy and fair play toward all living creatures. F.H.R.

THE UNRECORDED GOOD

There appeared in the Boston Herald, about Christmas time, an editorial so worthy of thoughtful attention that we cannot resist the temptation to give a part of it to our readers. It was written to meet the very common cry that from the newspapers one might think virtue dead and vice and crime sole masters of the world. The statement was made that the business of the newspapers is "news." Their task is to tell the news even when it is news of crime and sin—to report these "tragedies with dignity and decency, and without needless exploitation." So reported there is a value in these sad records that society cannot ignore. And such news in a sense "constitutes a compliment to humanity in general." The deeds of evil recorded are the great exception. The editorial concludes:

It is well to remember that the press takes for granted the normal life of society. Millions of dollars pass through the banks every day untouched by thieves' hands. A million homes lie under the tranquil light of mutual confidence and love. Millions of honest and devoted men are daily toiling at honorable tasks. Thus is daily woven the web and wool of the human story. To say that Mr. A. arose at 7 A. M., took a bath, ate his breakfast, kissed his wife and babies, and then went to his business is no more "news" than to say that the earth revolves on its own axis once in twenty-four hours! A "golden wedding" may be "news," but fifty years of unrecorded love and joy and hope, with mingled happiness and sorrow, give all the significance the record of the event can have, and yet this normal history of the time is not "news." F.H.R.

TWO CARTOONS

If we could draw it there is a cartoon we should like to print. It would represent, on the right, noble senators, bravely disinterested representatives, indignant but unselfish politicians, wildly and frantically shouting down the throat of the great Russian bear that the sacred rights of American citizens must never be ignored. To the left, on the far-off Russian boundary, would be the Goddess of Liberty, proudly, defiantly holding her starred and barred shield like a protecting aegis over some poor citizen of the mighty Republic whose rights Russia had failed to respect.

Then there should go with this cartoon another. It would represent the hundred lynchings of black men in the United States during the past year—all American citizens; all men whom the government could compel to lay down their lives, if need were, in its defense; all with rights guaranteed them under the constitution. Over against these fiendish cruelties of stake and fire and bullet and blood, we would portray these same noble senators, disinterested representatives, unselfish politicians, placidly and indifferently attending each to his own business, blind to the brutal disregard of citizenship, deaf to the cry for justice. But why, in Heaven's name, is an American citizen's rights in Mississippi or Oklahoma of any less concern to the nation than in Russia? *O Libertas et natale solum!*

F.H.R.

OUR SUBJECT PEOPLE

Yes, we have them. Seven millions and more over whom we rule—a people held in subjection though clamoring for the right of self-government, and, if many a representative of this people whom we have seen is anything like a fair specimen of his race, entirely competent to govern themselves. We are pledged to give them their independence. Are we forgetting this? Why does Congress hesitate to put itself on record to the effect that it is our purpose at the earliest possible moment to cease this un-American domination over a conquered people? At times we seem to be settling down to the conviction that the Philippine Islands belong to us and that we are to keep them forever. We have literally been turning back the hands on the dial-plate of our history, but this is impossible for long. We have not stopped the clock. The wheels will move all the faster some day when the hands are released.

F.H.R.

PROGRESS

During the twelve months preceding last September thirty states of the Union passed legislation reducing the ills attendant on child-labor. North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama are still so untouched by the spirit of a better civilization that they have done nothing in the way of radical child-labor reform.

In Alabama the opposition of the cotton manufacturers was strong enough to prevent the passage of even a compromise measure. Capital against labor is bad enough, but capital against the child is barbarous.

F.H.R.

CHARLES DICKENS

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens will be observed generally throughout the English-speaking world on February 7. His novels are full of interesting allusions to animals of which, like many literary workers, he was unusually fond. In "David Copperfield," which is largely autobiographical, occurs this sound humane advice:

"Never," said my aunt, "be mean in anything; never be false, never be cruel. Avoid those three vices, Trot, and I can always be hopeful of you."

A REMEMBRANCE

The late Edward Everett Hale wrote many a beautiful line that has never fallen under the public eye. In a letter to a dear friend who has given us the privilege of quoting it he wrote, upon a birthday anniversary and on the sudden impulse of the moment:

Aye, as we live, life's song is better sung.

Aye, as we live, life's lyre more tuneful strung;

The blind receive their sight, the dumb their tongue;

Aye, as he grows God's child becomes more young.

F.H.R.

HUMANE WORK IN SYRIA

Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, who is doing humane missionary work in Syria, sends for Band of Mercy buttons to be used in that country, and writes from Beirut, under date of December 16:

"I have just organized a Band of Mercy of over ninety members in one of the native schools.

"I am having brought out an edition of 5000 copies of 'Black Beauty' in Arabic, for the Arabian schools of Egypt, Arabia, and Syria. I am also having an edition of the same number on 'Story of the Donkey' in Arabic, which will be given in the schools with 'Black Beauty.'

"The donkey is universally used in Egypt and Syria. It is quite inexpensive and more cruelly treated than any other animal.

"The dog, as a rule, is regarded as an object of contempt, is kicked by the men and stoned by the boys. Though Syria is a Christian country, there seems to be no place in their religion for kindness to animals. By placing humane literature in the schools we hope to overcome the spirit of cruelty."

AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHER CITIES

Dr. E. L. Conger, president of the Pasadena, California, Humane Society, spending a few days in Oklahoma City, writes us:

"I read in the December number of *Our Dumb Animals* that the great city of Minneapolis had sold at auction some faithful old horses, who had worn out their lives and could no longer do duty in the fire department. And the reason these noble animals, who had helped to save millions of dollars and perhaps hundreds of lives, were sold to the highest bidder, was because this rich city had no fund to care for their declining years.

"This is a sad story when we think of the fate of these poor creatures, overworked, beaten and starved, in the hands of some penniless huckster.

"But here is a brighter picture.

"The Pasadena city council, at the request of the Humane Society and many prominent citizens, has recently voted that horses no longer equal to the fire service shall be retired to the sewer farm, and when useless or helpless, quietly put to rest by the Humane Society.

"Why may not many other cities make similar provision, if rightly appealed to, by their humane societies and friends? It is only simple justice for long and faithful service."

We are glad to state that Boston has likewise made provision to save its fire horses from the doom that so often follows the drop of the auctioneer's hammer. All our cities will do this when enough humane people, recognizing what is due these faithful servants, make their cause their own.

F.H.R.

A LIVE SOCIETY

The Lowell, Massachusetts, Humane Society, at its last annual meeting, reported that its agent dealt with 125 cases in which animals were involved. Nearly 700 dogs, cats and other smaller animals were either humanely killed or their distress relieved. Numerous offences of overcrowding of poultry and cruel transportation were detected.



WESTERN SPARROW-HAWK

By ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

These are the smallest, most active and commonest of the North American hawks. They are found in varying abundance throughout the United States during the summer, migrating south for the winter months. Their food consists largely of small mammals and the larger bugs and insects. The four or five beautifully marbled, brick-colored eggs are laid in a deserted woodpecker's nest in a hollow tree.

The young man in the photograph was raised in captivity until he was able to fly, and upon being liberated, came back each day at noon to his captors to be fed. Here, upon a convenient fence post, he would sit and scold until a mouse or small bit of meat was brought to him, and then away he would go to be seen no more until the following day.

IN WINTER DAYS

When autumn breezes rattle at the casement,
And whistle through the pine-trees at the door;
When squirrels store up nuts without abatement,
And corn-stalks pile up on the old barn floor;

When robins in large flocks begin to chatter
About the journey southward, near at hand,
And crickets shrilly chirp about the matter
Of winter days when they will all disband;—

We dream of joys beside the fireside waiting—
The book, the game, the quiet social hour
When we again may think of spring birds mating,
Of sleeping bud unfolding into flower.

Winter would have no terror to appal us
Did we but mate our action and desire
Unto the duties that forever call us,
And bid us e'en though storm-bound to acquire

The faith that holds the bird poised in mid-ocean
Above a storm-tossed sea, its wings outspread,
Conscious that through life's turmoil and commotion
We shall be safely and securely led.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON

in *Farm Journal*.

LOSS OF BIRDS THROUGH FEAR

SOMETHING ought to be done quickly to check the further extinction of the feathered race, asserts Mr. Charles Haines in a suggestive contribution to *Rural Life*.

The most potent cause of their destruction or disappearance is the process of hunting as now carried on by the expert sportsman, his trained dog, and magazine-gun; not that the birds killed by them constitute the great number that seem to disappear, but the bird is so constituted that it, like insect life, is wonderfully acted upon by fear. Darwin has said, "No discontented animal reproduces itself." It is equally noticeable that no animal or bird that is affected by fear will reproduce itself.

This is the case in all orders of animal life. When an animal or bird is frightened it never recovers from it, as is seen in the case of a horse when frightened somewhere on the road; it always keeps in memory the source and location of its scare. Sheep that are once frightened by dogs, never do well afterward; so with the birds when they have been pursued by the hunter on their feeding or breeding grounds; they never return to that spot again.

This element of fear which so acts upon the bird, is still more effective in insect life. It is not so much the number of insects that are killed or eaten by the birds, as it is the active principle of fear, and that element of life called self-preservation, which the bird creates and incites in all lower orders of insect life that prevents the insect from reproducing, and this is what the bird indirectly accomplishes, and is the greatest purpose of its existence.

Insect life has no particular fear of man. It appears to be endowed with a consciousness that man is unable to cope with it, or to observe its presence or increase; it recognizes only the bird as its natural enemy and source of destruction.

With all this evidence of the necessity of the bird to human existence, to agriculture or horticulture, still the farmer is so benumbed and hypnotized by political schemers and government workers that he fails to assert himself, and consequently laws are made in the interest of the sporting class, discriminating against the farmer, and yet the latter has not spirit enough to rise up and demand a fair deal and equal treatment.

BIRDS AS SHEPHERDS

Few know of the shepherd birds of South America. They belong to the crane family and are known as yakamiks. These curious birds take care of large flocks of sheep, leading them to pasture early in the morning, and caring for them all day unaided. If any stray animals approach the flock the yakamik attacks them with beak and wings. They are said to be much stronger than dogs.

THE ROBIN IN MY TREE

By HELEN STUART-RICHINGS

Morning and evening up in my tree
There sings a robin a ditty to me,
'Tis—"Cheerily! Cheerily! Cheerily!"—
Ah, what a prince of gay fellows is he!
With musical chirrup, ringing and clear,
He bids me be hopeful, casting out fear;
Says—"There is much in this world that is queer.
But still, let's be cheerful!" O, he's a dear!
Picking out worms for his love on the nest,
Preening the feathers of red on his breast,
When day dies in beauty down in the West
In the wind-rocken bough swinging to rest;
Before the sun rises out of the sea,
Shaking his throat-bells in sweet melody,
Greeting the morning from top o' my tree,
Brave Robin! Prince of good fellows is he!

AIGRETTES NOT MOULTED

Joseph Collinson, of the Animals' Friend Society, London, has received the following letter from Frank Clarke, who is at present hunting big game in South Africa:

Dear Sir:—I have noticed your letter on the subject of aigrettes, and it might interest you to know that I am in a position to confirm that the contention that the aigrette feathers are only moulted is absolutely false.

For a period of three years I have been hunting elephant, hippopotamus, and crocodile on the southwestern shores of Lake Albert, and I have made a special study of the habits of all wild-fowl. As the aigrette abounds in large quantities, it naturally came in for a corresponding amount of attention.

The breeding bird produces from fifteen to twenty feathers, and moults shortly after the young have abandoned their nest. Owing to the very fine texture of a single feather, a slight shower of rain or even a heavy dew will reduce it to the appearance of a piece of dry grass.

I have offered liberal prices to natives to bring me moulted aigrette feathers, but have never received even one, and for the few feathers I have procured for my own collection, I have been compelled to shoot the bird.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Uganda.

FRANK CLARKE.

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

It is stated in a late issue of the London *Spectator* that in the list of imported goods detained on board ship and in the docks and warehouses of London during the recent strike were included 618 tons of birds' skins and feathers! Yet persons with pecuniary interest in the plumage trade would have it believed that the plumes used for millinery purposes are either dyed feathers from the poultry yard or artificial products, of which horsehair is a component part.—*Bulletin of American S. P. C. A.*

Tide the birds over through the winter by feeding them and next summer they will more than pay you back.



"THE LOWING KINE"

Velox Print

My Little Brother

By MARY BAILEY

My little brother sleeps beneath the sky.
When nights are calm, in daisy time, all's well.

What of the times when cruel storms sweep by,
When of grim cold and hunger he must die?
No tongue can tell!

My little brother toils along the road,
Eager and grateful what so e'er the strain,
Beaten, yet striving under whip and goad,
Weak, sore, starving, yet patient 'neath the load,
In constant pain.

My little brother has the common right
To life and joy, the same as you and I,
And we who are his keepers in our might
Must understand, protect, if need be, fight,
Not pass him by.

My little brother! Those who render naught,
Will some day hear the voices of the dumb,
A woe surpassing yours shall be their lot
Who wake, hear, see and feel, and yet may not
Make succor come!

ONE WOMAN'S WORK

The splendid service rendered the cause by the president of the New Hampshire Woman's Humane Society, Mrs. M. J. Kendall, deserves the widest recognition. Her wise and energetic leadership, her faithful consecration to her work are bearing fruit. It was our pleasure to attend the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Society, January 5, and speak for a little while upon the general theme of our common cause. The day was wild and blustering but a large audience gathered, many coming from long distances. Few things could have borne a better tribute to the effectiveness of Mrs. Kendall's work and to the confidence reposed in her than such an audience on such a day.

New Hampshire is celebrated for its humanitarians who are women. Mrs. Jennie Powers, of Keene, is doing in a somewhat different way a notable work.

F.H.R.

LARGE GIFTS

We are glad to learn that two large bequests have recently fallen to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of New York, founded by Henry Bergh, one of them for eighty thousand dollars. This is most opportune, as the Society is erecting a shelter and emergency hospital. Greatly to be desired are these large gifts. If only one or two of them could come to us just now for our Angell Memorial Hospital our gratitude would be unbounded.

F.H.R.

THE OPEN BRIDLE

In the January number of *The Team Owners' Review*, Mr. W. D. Quimby, a large team owner in Boston, has a most excellent article on "The Horse." We are greatly pleased to read the following from this thorough horseman who speaks out of a long experience during which many hundreds of horses have been owned and handled by him:

A horse should never be worked in a closed bridle. Please notice the next time you are on the street how many horses you will see with open bridles that are fat and sleek and perfectly happy.

A horse wearing a closed bridle and not having a great deal of confidence in his driver, is working in fear and trembling all the time, whereas if he had an open bridle he could see everything around him and would not be frightened.

I have broken a great many pulling horses by putting open bridles on them. If you have a horse that pulls too much, or is frightened, put on an open bridle and see how differently he acts. Soon the confidence which you have in him will increase his value more than one-half.

Mr. Quimby also says, "The horse gets very little consideration. About the only savior he has is the cruelty to animals societies, and they are doing a very great amount of work for the horse."

F.H.R.

See that your horse gets his feed regularly and water according to his condition and needs.

BIDDY MACLEOD

Biddy Macleod was grim and black,
With a face as sour as sin,
Had a limping leg, a crooked back,
And a yellow and wrinkled skin.

She lived alone with her cat and crutch,
In a hut on the edge o' the hill.
And when she crawled out in her old brown mutch,
She was shunned as an omen of ill.

But early one morn when the snow lay thick,
As I galloped by Biddy's door,
The beldame was out with her stout thorn stick,
And was feeding the birds o' the moor.

The day passed by and at mid o' night
I rode home i' the starlight still,
And methought I saw a halo of light
Round the hovel on the hill.

And Biddy was there as fair within,
As without she was grim and poor,
With the glory of heaven on her yellow skin,
For she loved the birds o' the moor.

E. CHARLTON BLACK.

A PLEA FOR THE HORSE

In a strong, thoughtful article on "The Humane Treatment of the Horse," by George Foster Howell, published in the last number of *The Team Owners' Review*, among many other paragraphs that deserve a wide circulation wherever the horse is found as man's servant and helper, are the following:

Horses are not deaf, so do not shout at them. Neither are they blind. Their hearing and sight is just as keen as ours, and very often keener, as they frequently see and hear things long before we can see and hear them.

Axle grease is cheap, so do not wait until your axle gets dry before giving it grease. Besides it injures the axle to let it get dry, and makes double and treble work for your horse.

When you see a horse cruelly treated call a policeman and have the driver arrested. The humane laws of nearly all the states make it obligatory upon the policeman to arrest the offender, after a citizen has made a complaint to him.

Treat the old horse as kindly and considerately as you would an aged man or woman, and do not expect him to "get up" as you would a two-year-old. Their bones, muscles and joints become stiff, just the same as yours will if you live long enough. Always be doubly kind to a poor old horse. Treat him as you would like to be treated if you were old enough to be a great-grandfather.

F.H.R.

STORM-BOUND PEAFOWL

The hereditary habit of the peacocks of roosting for the night in trees sometimes forces upon them considerable discomfort. After selecting a roosting place the birds return to it each night; apparently the same ones without ever deserting the site. Usually two in the same tree. During a recent heavy snow-storm, Dr. Blair directed my attention to two male peafowl that had selected a big oak-tree near his office window as a perching place. The snow had fallen during the night to a depth of about ten inches, forming a wall on each side of the sleeping birds, which completely arched over their backs. As the heat of their bodies melted the snow, the water had gradually saturated their lighter feathers and formed a tiny coronet of ice on their heads. As we watched them they stood erect as if to learn just what the prospect of moving might be. The effort probably convinced them that an attempted flight to the ground meant to tumble and not fly, for they promptly settled down again for another nap. While they slept waiting for the sun to dry them out, the picture was made.

E. R. S.



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

SLEEPING PEACOCKS BURIED BENEATH THE SNOW

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE SPELL OF THE ROCKIES, Enos A. Mills.

The great mountains indeed exert a spell, and the lure of the wilds is strong for the reader of Mr. Mills' book, which is interesting in the extreme. The writer has spent much of his life in the Rocky Mountain region, and is familiar with it at all seasons, and under all conditions; thus his descriptions are first-hand, and the book is filled with personal incidents. Thrilling indeed are the chapters, "Racing an Avalanche," "Alone with a Landslide," and "In a Mountain Blizzard," the vicissitudes of the last-named adventure having been shared with his faithful collie, "Scotch." Living near the primeval forests, he had many glimpses of animal life, and accounts of beaver, grizzlies, brown bears, tiny Fremont squirrels, Rocky Mountain sheep, and other wild creatures are to be found in the book.

Mr. Mills makes a spirited appeal for the conservation of forests, which necessarily entails conservation of bird life. "Birds are one of the resources of the country. They are the protectors, the winged watchmen, of the products which man needs. . . . Birds work for us all the time and board themselves most of the time." In the chapters describing the injury done to trees by insects he makes a special plea for "Dr. Woodpecker, Tree-Surgeon." "So important is this bird that the shooting of a single one may allow insects to multiply and waste acres of forest." He also lays special stress on what the beaver has done for the country by "preparing the way for numerous forests and meadows, for countless orchards and peaceful, productive valleys."

The book contains twenty-four full-page illustrations from photographs taken by Mr. Mills.

348 pp. \$1.75, net. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

HEROES AND GREATHEARTS AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS, John T. Dale.

This is a new edition of a compilation of stories about celebrated people and their love of animals. Many beautiful nature poems are also included. The object, as stated in the preface, is "to bring the reader into contact with some of the heroic and great-hearted of the race, who, by their relations with 'man and bird and beast,' have set an example of universal kindness that should be an inspiration for all time." The material ranges from articles like the famous "Eulogy on the Dog," by Senator Vest, to verse by such well-known contemporary writers as Emily Huntington Miller. A number of the articles were written by Mr. Dale, himself. The book, which is profusely illustrated, will be useful for supplementary reading in schools.

240 pp. D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.

WILD NATURE WOODED AND WON, Oliver G. Pike and Magdalen F. P. Tuck.

In this volume a score or more of bird and animal pets, loved and lovable companions of the authors, speak as through a faithful interpreter to the very hearts of young readers. The objects of the authors are "first, to convince every boy and girl that the country is a far more wonderful and beautiful place than the town and, second, to teach kindness to animals."

"There is no secret," we are told, "in wooing and winning wild Nature, it can all be done by kindness, patience and care, and the old fashioned and cruel cages can easily be done away with." This truth is amply illustrated by the authors' experiences, whose captives were not kept in cages and hutches, but rejoiced in the freedom of house, of garden, even of the whole neighboring countryside. Many of the birds, as Paddy, the kestrel hawk, and the jackdaws, Old Dutch and the Little 'Un, the Imp and Jacko, feeling the "call of the wild," as time went by, returned to their kindred.

Fifty-two photographs, taken direct from nature by Mr. Pike, complete a volume of high literary and artistic merit.

208 pp. \$1.37, post-paid. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES, George Wharton James.

Charming and tender is this story of a little crippled song-sparrow. Her love and devotion to "Fessor," her perfect trust and confidence in him, and her quaint little habits and tricks are all told in simple and beautiful language. Mr. James has immortalized Scraggles, both in this story and in the dedication of "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," which book he was engaged in writing when the tiny, "raggedy, scraggedy" bird first came under his protecting care. There are two photographs of Mr. James and Scraggles and four drawings by Sears Gallagher.

88 pp. \$1.00, net. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

BEYOND THE TWILIGHT, George W. Harrington.

A sheaf of verse embracing fragmentary and other poems is presented in memory of departed friends. Though serious and chiefly retrospective are most of these poems, there are several which bear witness to the poet's love for the horse. Among the latter "The Fire Horse," "Only a Jockey," and "Paddock Friends" sound high praises for a few of the faithful.

92 pp. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.



ATTENTION!

A CRAFTY CAT

One day the cook in a monastery, when he laid the dinner, found one brother's portion of meat missing. He supposed that he had miscalculated, made good the deficiency, and thought of it no more till the next day, when he had again too little at dinner time by one monk's commons. He suspected knavery, and resolved to watch for the thief. On the third day he was quite sure that he had his meat cut into the right number of portions, and was about to dish up, when he was called off by a ring of the bell at the outer gate. When he came back there was again a monk's allowance gone.

Next day he again paid special heed to his calculations; and, when he was on the point of dishing up, again there was a ring at the gate to draw him from the kitchen. He went no farther than the outside of the kitchen door whence he saw the cat that jumped in at the kitchen window and was out again in an instant with a piece of meat.

Another day's watching showed that it was the cat also who, by hopping up at it, set the bell ringing with her paws, and thus having, as she supposed, pulled the cook out of the kitchen, made the coast clear for her own piratical proceedings.

The monks then settled it in conclave that their cat should be left thus to earn for the remainder of her days double rations, while they spread abroad the story of her cunning. So they obtained many visitors, who paid money for good places from which to see the little comedy; and they grew the richer for the thief they had among them.—*Every Other Saturday.*

Don't be discouraged because you see so many unkind things being done. Just keep on being actively kind to animals yourself and the number who follow your example will continually grow.



NEW ZEALAND ROMNEY MARSH LAMBS



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."
M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."



WEARING THE BAND OF MERCY STAR

GOLDEN RULE CLUB

Grit, a weekly paper of general circulation in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, has a Golden Rule Club connected with its children's page. This organization has been in existence for nearly twenty years, and has 36,000 members. Attractive membership certificates and badges are furnished to the boys and girls who sign the pledge, which reads as follows: "I promise to do unto others as I would have others do unto me. I will never be cruel to dumb animals. I will practise temperance in all things, and encourage others to do so." The Club is divided into local clubs, each having its own officers and working under a charter issued by the head department.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and seventy-three branches of the American Band of Mercy were formed during December. Thirty-one of these were reported by Mrs. Sarah A. Turle of Duluth, Minnesota, who has now succeeded in having over 15,000 school children enrolled, all the schools in that city except one having been organized. The names of schools and towns, with the number of Bands in each, are as follows:

Schools in Boston, Massachusetts

Samuel Adams; Everett, 14; Franklin, 14; Francis Parkman, 12; Cheverus, 11; Leo XIII, 14; St. Patrick's, 17; St. Mary's, 13; St. John's (Hammond Street), 5; St. John's (Dacia Street), 10.

Lynnfield, Mass.: Lynnfield Center, 2; South Lynnfield, 2.

Townsend, Mass.: "Our Friends."

Warren, New Hampshire: Public Schools, 3.

Oakdale, Pennsylvania: Boys' Indian Home.

Bel Air, Maryland: The Protecting Society.

Harlan, Iowa: The Mayflower.

Schools in Superior, Wisconsin

Franklin, 2; J. G. Blaine, 5.

Schools in Duluth, Minnesota

Girls' Cathedral, 4; Franklin, 7; Lakeside, 3; Jefferson, 8; Ensign, 9.

Crookston, Minnesota: E-E-E-E-Society.

Martinsburg, West Virginia: Mary Craig Yarrow.

Timonsville, South Carolina: Sparrow Swamp.

Greenville, Mississippi: Barrett.

New Orleans, Louisiana: La Salle; Robert C. Davey.

Garden Plain, Kansas: Rising Star.

North Loup, Nebraska: "The Pleasant Hill."

Rokeby, Nebraska: Prospect Hill School.

Springfield, Oregon: Springfield.

Olympia, Washington: Vayhinger; Francis H. Rowley.

Manila, P. I.: Sampolac Primary School.

This brings the total number of Bands organized to date up to 82,945.

A GOOD COMBINATION

The F. R. Langley Humane Society, a Band of Mercy in Roxbury, Massachusetts, with a membership of 506, has as an auxiliary a temperance organization. A member of one society becomes a member of the other. This auxiliary is a branch of the Massachusetts State Temperance Reform Club. Both the Humane Society and the Temperance Club hold weekly meetings when suitable literature is distributed.

WORK FOR BANDS OF MERCY

Will not every member of a Band of Mercy try to aid the proposed Animals' Hospital and Headquarters for our Societies, as a memorial to Geo. T. Angell? We need your help.

Suppose we call a share one dollar. Every contribution from a Band will be published on this page that all may know what the others are doing. A few have already sent in their offering. If the officers cannot attend to this, will they not appoint a special committee to do so, and remit the amount as soon as collected? Any individual member, who desires, can send an independent gift of one dollar or more and have it placed to the credit of his Band. The Band sending in the largest amount to reach this office between January 1 and the close of business on March 30, 1912, will receive one of our hand-somest and most expensive Band of Mercy banners as a prize. Literature about the plans will be sent upon application. Send returns, as soon as a dollar or more is collected, to the Secretary, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself.

FRIENDLY SQUIRRELS

By E. W. HOCKER



THROUGH the introduction of squirrels in Vernon Park, a small breathing spot in the heart of Philadelphia's historic suburb of Germantown, the children of the neighborhood have learned a lesson as to the good that comes from the kind treatment of animals. At first the boys were disposed to chase and stone the squirrels, but they soon came to know that they could have much more fun by feeding the animals and making pets of them. Now the children are prompt to protect the squirrels from intruding dogs and any other disturbing influences.

Squirrels were first placed in the park two years ago through the instrumentality of the Germantown Business Men's Association, and additions to the colony have frequently been made since then. There are now about seventy-five of the bushy-tailed little animals in the park. Many that were brought to the park have taken up their abode elsewhere in Germantown, the numerous old trees along the streets and the extensive lawns of the Germantown houses luring them away from the park. Sometimes they are seen scampering along a mile away.

When the squirrels are first brought to the park, they are kept in a large cage for ten or twelve weeks, until they become accustomed to the surroundings and to the presence of human beings. Then they are liberated, whereupon most of them mate and make homes in wooden boxes placed in the tree-tops for them.



The squirrels seem to realize that Ernest Bohr, the policeman stationed in the park, is their special guardian, and they show their friendliness for him in many ways. Several of those that have been in the park longest will run up his clothes and perch upon his shoulder. "Spotty" is the name of one of the squirrels that is a favorite of the children because of his freedom from the native timidity of his tribe. He permits the youngsters to stroke and fondle him, almost like a cat. Others of the squirrels also readily approach when offered nuts.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



AN ANIMAL WEATHER PROPHET



ACCORDING to an old folk-lore story, if a person wishes to know whether there will be a late or early spring the woodchuck is the one to be consulted.

Early in the autumn the woodchuck goes to sleep in his winter quarters. He curls himself up in a little ball, with his nose under his paws so that he can keep his toes warm by breathing on them. Here he sleeps snugly all winter, and then, so the story goes, he wakes up suddenly on February 2, stretches himself, rubs his eyes, and at last creeps out of his cozy nest



to see what it looks like outdoors. If he finds it cold and wet, the earth covered with snow, and heavy gray clouds hanging low in the sky, he begins to look around, for he feels certain that soon the ground will be warm and the little buds will be coming out, for Spring

is surely on her way. But if the sun is shining brightly and the first thing he sees as he leaves his burrow is his own shadow, he pops back into it again as fast as he can, once more tucks his nose under his paws, and settles down for another six weeks' nap, for a cold, late season is the only result that can be expected from seeing his own little shadow cast by the bright sunlight. It must be confessed that he doesn't always get it just right, but he probably doesn't mind if he does oversleep some fine spring days.

"DO MEN GO TO HEAVEN?"



DEAR little four-year-old Eddie has become very much interested in the charming paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, and often asks me to show him "the paper with the angel," as he calls it, referring to the picture in the seal of the S. P. C. A. in which the angel is shown staying the hand of the cruel man whipping the poor, patient horse. One day I was telling Eddie that each one of us should be a good angel and protect our dear dumb friends from being abused, and that that afternoon I had stepped out into the street and said "Stop!" to a man who was whipping a horse.

Many days afterwards, Eddie asked, "Do men go to heaven?" I replied that I did not think they would if they abused horses or were unkind to any animal. Eddie said, "I know who won't go to heaven,—that man you said 'Stop!' to. But the horse will go," he continued.

Sound logic surely has this four-year-old, and unconsciously he is agreeing with many great men and women in this belief. Truly, out of the mouths of babes, come words of purest wisdom, which we of older growth might often do well to heed. Verily, "a little child shall lead them."

MARTHA JOSEPHINE ATKINS.

DOG LANGUAGE

By MARION HOVEY BRIGGS

Our Towser is the finest dog that ever wore a collar, We wouldn't sell him—no indeed, not even for a dollar! I understand his language now, 'cause honest, it appears That dogs can talk; and say a lot, with just their tails and ears.

When I come home from school he meets me with a joyous bound

And shakes that long tail sideways, down and up, and round and round.

Pa says he's going to hang a rug beside the door to see If Towser will not beat it while he's busy greeting me.

Then when he sees me get my hat, but thinks he cannot go,

His ears get limp, his tail drops down, and he just walks off—slow;

Though if I say the magic words: "Well, Towser, want to come?"

Why, say! You'd know he answered "Yes!" although at speech he's dumb.

GLIMPSES OF BANDS IN DISTANT LANDS



WE left New York bound for Panama, our first stop being at Antilla, Cuba. Splendid Band of Mercy work is being done in this island. Among other things, the law against bull-fighting has been enforced. A home has been provided for lost and injured animals, and two little boys have volunteered to gather them from the streets of Havana.

The second Sunday out from New York we came into port at Colon, and learned that a bull-fight was taking place that day. Colon is unfortunately not in the Canal Zone so our Humane Society could not act in the matter. The Society, however, is doing good work and now the two thousand children in the Canal Zone schools have signed a pledge card and wear a button exactly like the ones used by the American Bands, and the teachers read to them from the same books and leaflets. It is earnestly hoped that the Band of Mercy work started in Panama will spread through South America, where it is greatly needed. I would not like to repeat the sad tales of cruelty which I heard.

Perhaps one day some of the boys who are being so beautifully trained in kindness in our school Bands of Mercy may be taken by business interests to that far distant country (which will be so rich when developed) and may there do much for the suffering animals whose pitiful voices cry to us for help, and for the people, many of whom have not learned what a happy place kindness can make of any country.

"Behold us, your little Brothers; starving, beaten, oppressed. Stretch out a hand to help us, that we may have food and rest."

Sincerely yours,

Philadelphia, Pa.

MARY C. YARROW,



SOME TIME

Some time we're going to do a kindly deed,
Or speak a helpful word to some lone heart.
Some time we're going to plant the living seed
In soil where it will thrive and do its part.
Some time we'll stoop to help a wearied soul
That staggers underneath a heavy load;
Some time we'll pause, while rushing toward the goal,
To aid a brother on the rocky road.

Some time we're going to stop the ceaseless grind—
This everlasting hurry-life we live,
And be more loving, tender, true and kind;
More thoughtful and more ready to forgive.
Some time we'll only see the good in men,
Be blind to all the worthless and the bad,
And recollect our own weak faults, and then
Just strive to make the whole world bright and glad.

RECEIPTS FOR THE ANGELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL FROM APR. 15, 1911, TO JAN. 15, 1912

Previously acknowledged	\$39,800.97
Mrs. J. C. Goodrich, North Adams	1.00
Mrs. Geo. E. Saunders, Cambridge	1.00
Miss Zipporah Sawyer, Medford	500.00
Mrs. Sarah F. Searle, Northboro	10.00
"B. F." In memory of Bose, Tiger, Ranger, Rover, Socrates, Stray and Spotter	35.00
The Herald, Harrodsburg, Ky.	1.00
Miss H. K. Timson, Brookline	5.00
"Humanity," West Chester, Pa.	25.00
Miss Dora R. Maertz, Quincy, Ill.	4.50
T. F. Whiting, Beverly	1.00
Mrs. Laura M. Cobb, Newton Upper Falls	1.00
A New York Friend, New York City	100.00
Unitarian Sunday School, Framingham	4.00
H. Fisher, Boston	100.00
A Friend, Vineyard Haven	5.00
Miss Lucy Talcott, New Britain, Conn.	5.00
Miss Frances B. Stearns, Harrisburg, Texas	1.00
E. C. Dempsey, Chicopee Falls	.50
Miss C. Anna Winter, Ashland, O.	1.00
Mrs. J. W. Richards, Mexico, Me.	.65
Sawyer Fund, additional	459.68
Mrs. M. Goodacre, Wakefield	3.00
Mrs. Guy Morey, Lowell	1.00
Boys and Girls of Band of Mercy, Manchester, Vt.	5.00
Mrs. H. E. Robbins, Princeton Depot	5.00
Miss Clara B. Musselman, Fairfield, Neb.	20.00
"In memory of my cat, Brutus Walker," San Francisco, Calif.	5.00
Miss E. Louise Brown, Dorchester	2.00
A Friend, E. Boston	100.00
Mrs. Lavina M. P. Brackett, Brookline	5.00
Mrs. Clara Imogene Cheney, Boston	100.00
Mrs. John F. Southter, Arlington Heights	2.00
"In memory of Tommy, our faithful old horse," from Susie G. and Mary T. Gale, Worcester.	5.00
A. B. Chamberlain, P. M., Sturbridge	5.00
Hamilton Boyd, Northbridge	1.00
Mrs. E. D. Houze, Bristow, Okla.	.50
Mrs. E. B. Judd, Easthampton	1.00
Mrs. Geo. B. Harrison, Glasgow, Mo., "In memory of our little dog Tip"	5.00
Mrs. M. E. Cooper, Somerville	1.00
Mrs. Geo. T. Angell, Newton Highlands	200.00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Piper, Cambridge, Christmas gift in memory of our pet cat Affie	5.00
"In loving memory of my little Tramp"	50.00
Herman Holt, Jr., Boston	1.00
"Christmas Box"	5.00
O. H. Davenport, Roxbury	100.00
Mrs. Robert Cochran, Rockville Centre, N. Y.	5.00
Miss Cora E. Crompton, Worcester	25.00
Bequest of Miss Florence E. Wilder	500.00
Ada E. Morrell, D.O., Lowell	1.50
Mrs. T. G. Stanton, Winchester	5.00
Mrs. Margaret Deland, Boston	10.00
Mrs. Emily P. Smith-Moore, Rutland, Vt.	5.00
Miss Louise Maertz, Quincy, Ill.	5.00
"Humanity," West Chester, Pa. (additional)	25.00
Mrs. M. J. Kendall, Nashua, N. H.	5.00
Miss A. P. Belden, Stafford Springs, Conn.	2.00
Miss Annie Belle Coolidge, Boston, "In memory of my horse Ruby"	25.00
Mrs. Adelia A. Cole, Southbridge	25.00
Mrs. Ernestine M. Kettle, Boston	400.00
Total to date	\$42,728.30

RECEIPTS BY THE M. S. P. C. A. FOR DECEMBER, 1911

Fines and witness fees, \$114.45.

Members and Donors

Mrs. Geo. T. Angell, for the Angell Memorial Building, \$200; Mrs. Ezra Ripley Thayer, \$200; O. H. Davenport, for Angell Memorial, \$100; "For aid for our friend, the horse," \$50; "For Christmas from Dobbin and Dog Tray," \$10; Miss Fanny Young, \$10; Miss Mary F. Clark, \$10; Mrs. R. W. Lodge, \$10; Advertising, \$6.86; Unity Church S. S. of Springfield, Mass., \$8; "A Christmas gift in memory of our pet cat Affie, for the Angell Memorial," \$5; Miss H. R. Hudson, \$5; Christmas Box for Angell Memorial Building, \$5; Mrs. H. Goodacre, \$3; Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, \$3; A friend in Greenfield, Mass., \$1.24; Geo. M. Peirce, \$2; Mrs. H. M. Windle, \$2; Mrs. Charles A. Dam, \$2; Wm. Bellamy, \$2; Miss Alice A. Daggett, \$2; Mrs. E. B. Judd, \$2, of which \$1 for Angell Memorial Building; Miss Flora J. Worden, \$1.50; Mrs. E. G. Noble, \$0.50; Mrs. E. D. Houze, for Angell Memorial Building, \$0.50; Miss S. E. Veazie, \$0.50; E. F. Dole, \$0.25.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

Mrs. B. D. Davol, Mrs. W. A. Walker, Mrs. E. O. Taylor, Mrs. C. W. McConnell, Miss Carrie Cottle, "A friend of animals," Harvey W. Cotton, Mrs. M. E. Cooper, for Angell Memorial Building, Mrs. Ella E. Luke, Mrs. Helen H. Braman, Mrs. Julia F. Edgerly, A. G. Hosmer, Miss M. B. McDonald, Miss Alice W. Bancroft, J. E. Waterman, Herman Holt, Jr., for Angell Memorial Building, R. D. Perley, M.D., Miss E. Wasson, Mrs. J. G. Stearns, Asa Jewett, Miss H. S. Cousins, Dr. D. J. Hurley, Mrs. Ellen B. Read, G. H. Fulton, M.D., Miss A. Hinckley, Mrs. E. F. Johnson, B. R. Parker, R. J. McAuliffe, J. Cushing & Co., E. A. Marsh, W. H. Smith, W. N. Emery, M.D., C. B. Fuller, M.D., C. Bell, M.D., Mrs. A. E. Bullard, H. C. Daniels, Arthur Rogers.

Total, \$682.35.

The American Humane Education Society, \$450.

Subscribers

Milford & Hopedale Humane Society, \$13; Anna B. Bach, \$11.20; R. I. Humane Education Society, \$10; William E. Hay, \$9.25; Mrs. E. F. Miller, \$8.75; Miss Katherine Nye, \$8.75; Harriet B. Rogers, \$8; Mrs. M. E. F. Gould, \$5; Almon A. Locke, \$5; Miss Bessie Thomas, \$5; W. E. Keith, M.D., \$5; Edward L. Parker, \$5; A co-worker, \$7.11; Mrs. A. D. Bosworth, \$4; Ellen E. Murphy, \$4; Augusta M. Kennedy, \$3.75; Mrs. Lydia Putney, \$3.60; H. A. Field, \$3; W. H. Guild & Co., \$3; Edwin S. Williams, \$2.75; Moore's Agency, \$2.75; Susan Christian, \$2.25; Mrs. J. W. Winkley, \$2.25; Franklin Sq. Agency, \$2.25; Bennett's Agency, \$2.25; Hanson's Agency, \$2.25; Mrs. J. E. Cortland, \$2; C. F. Richardson, \$2; H. D. F., \$2; Mrs. J. A. H. Colby, \$2; H. Goldberger, \$2; M. C. M. Barre, \$1.80; S. W. Hook, \$1.75; Mrs. W. T. Stanley, \$1.50; J. E. Chapin, \$1.50; Mrs. M. A. Sargent, \$1.50; Achsah Morgan, \$1.50; Mrs. G. B. Harrison, \$1.50; Miss L. A. Kimball, \$1.50; D. H. Kirkpatrick, \$1.50; Mrs. F. A. Metzler, \$1.30; Rev. J. E. Ayars, \$1.05; Miss M. Milne, \$0.75; Laura E. Thoman, \$0.75; Lorne T. Pentz, \$0.62.

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All others, \$20.38. Total, \$293.56.

Sales of publications, \$31.66. Interest, \$21.78.

Total, \$1,593.80.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR DECEMBER, 1911

A co-worker, \$206.96; "In loving memory of my little Tramp," for the Angell Memorial Building, \$50; Louisiana State S. P. C. A., \$35.53; Lend-a-hand Society, \$14.50; Washington Humane Society, \$13.60; Mrs. R. C. Hogue, \$10; Mrs. Lela G. Dodge, \$10; C. F. Richardson, \$8; Batavia N. Y. Humane Society, \$7.44; Mrs. M. L. Hall, \$6.85; Milford and Hopedale Humane Society, \$6.25; Mrs. Geo. B. Harrison, "in memory of my little dog Tip," for the Angell Memorial Building, \$5; Mrs. Robert Cochran, for the Angell Memorial Building, \$5; Public Schools, Hamden, Conn., \$5; Public Schools, Litchfield, Minn., \$4.50; Miss Lizzie F. Stevens, \$4.50; Miss Katie Morgan, \$4; Public Schools, Lisbon, O., \$3.80; Mrs. E. D. Houze, \$3.24; Miss Laura McArthur, \$3.04; Public Schools, Marshall, Mo., \$3; Zula Lee McCauley, \$3; Mrs. Victoria Miller, \$3; Edwin Lucas, \$3; Public Schools, Stonington, Conn., \$2.95; A. Quiajarno, \$2.94; Public Schools, Pueblo, Colo., \$2.81; Mrs. J. Spriesterbach, \$2.40; Rev. W. A. Mackey, \$2; Miss Martha Foster, \$2; Miss C. G. Ewen, \$2; Mrs. F. A. Metzler, \$1.92; Pub. Schools, Marion, Ala., \$1.80; Bessie Sanborn, \$1.50; E. G. Canfield, \$1.50; Clara A. Heling, \$1.39; Pub. Schools, Fort Dodge, Iowa, \$1.22; M. L. Slocum, \$1.10; Miss J. E. Boughton, \$1.10; V. Matthews, \$1.10; Miss M. Reynolds, \$1.05; T. J. Hoffman, \$1.05; Jean W. Colesberry, \$1.04.

Interest, \$69.55.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

Mrs. Ora E. Miller, Mrs. H. W. Symmes, D. C. Gates, Mrs. Lizzie McBride, Mrs. J. M. Liggett, W. J. Erwood, Miss Amy C. Requa, Martha G. Clark, C. E. Bonnell, Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, Mrs. M. Conny, Mrs. M. L. Shorridge, Miss Abigail Witter, Miss Cora H. Alger, E. M. Harris, Mrs. A. K. Challoner.

Small sales of publications, \$68.59.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868.

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

TERMS:

One dollar per year; clubs of five or over, 50 cents. Special price to teachers, 40 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Agents and societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS is the official organ of all our Societies. Actual monthly circulation exceeds 61,000. For advertising rates apply to I. H. MORTON, 170 Summer Street, Boston.

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Our Dumb Animals



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Published by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., is for sale at 45 Milk Street, Boston, at these prices, postpaid:

About the Horse

Black Beauty (English), cloth, 20 cts.	paper 9 cts.
" " Italian or Swedish	paper 20 cts.
" " French or Modern Greek	paper 25 cts.
" " Spanish	paper 10 cts.
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 2 cents each, or	\$2.00 per 100
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Care of Horses	.40 " "
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The Horse's Prayer, large post card	3.00 " "
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Advice on Stable Management, card	1.00 " "
The Checkrein, 8 pages	1.00 " "
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The Bell of Atri (illus.) by Longfellow	.50 " "

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The Lady of the Robins, cloth, 20 cts.	paper 10 cts.
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About the Cat

Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8	.30 per 100
"Mollie Whitefoot's Vacation"	.30 " "
"The Beggar Cat," post card, 5c per doz.	.40 " "

About Other Animals

For Pity's Sake, cloth, 20 cts.	paper 10 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth, 20 cts.	paper 8 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 20 cts.	paper 7 cts.
How to Kill Animals Humanely	\$2.00 per 100
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Humane Education

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Address to Boston Public Schools, by Mr. Angell, 2 cents each, or	2.00 " "
Vivisection—Opinions of Famous People (with portraits)	paper 10 cts.
Humane Calendar for 1912	15 cts.
Man the Animals' God	.20 per 100

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White star on blue ground, with gilt letters and border. Large, two cents each; small, one cent.	
Sterling silver stick pin	30 cts.
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